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NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT REVIVAL CONDUCTED BY THE EVANGELISTS, MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, AT THE "HIPPODROME," MADISON AND FOURTH AVENUES—MR. MOODY PERSONALLY EXHORTING PENITENTS IN THE ROOM FOR THE WOMEN'S PRAYER-MEETINGS.—SEE PAGE 415.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1876.

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WITH the present Number, the Forty-first Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER closes. With the next, No. 1,067, our Forty-second Volume will begin. We have only to renew the promises which we made in anticipation of this Centennial Year, and of the unusually abundant materials for illustration offered by its patriotic, historical festivals, and especially by its International Exhibition at Philadelphia, to spare no pains in the future, as none have been spared in the past, to maintain the high position of this journal as the pioneer and leader of illustrated journalism in America.

THE WHISKY RING TRIALS.

IT has been well said that it is not enough for the decrees of a court of justice to be right; it is almost equally important that they should seem to be right in the eyes of all the people. Hence the wound which was inflicted upon the popular conscience, in the matter of the St. Louis Whisky trials, when Ex-Senator Henderson was removed from the prosecution of those cases by Attorney-General Pierrepont—not for any defect of learning or skill in the management of the prosecution, but for words deemed disrespectful to the President of the United States. That the sensibilities of the Executive should have been placed before the interests of the Government and the demands of justice was certainly not well calculated to produce a pleasant impression on the popular mind.

Then followed the letter of Mr. Pierrepont, under date of last January 26th (a few days before the beginning of General Babcock's trial), in which the attention of Mr. Dyer, the United States District Attorney at St. Louis, was very unnecessarily called to the statements made by "a number of newspapers" to the effect that "there would be no further prosecution against many guilty persons, who had confessed their crimes, in St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee." "I cannot," adds the Attorney-General, "believe this to be true; but as the assertion has been made that so many guilty persons are to remain unpunished, I have forwarded a letter to each of these cities to inform each District Attorney of the facts."

It was inevitable that this untimely intrusion of the Attorney-General, with such gratuitous advice, should have been construed into a note of warning addressed to those members of the Whisky Ring conspirators who had turned State's evidence, and who had facilitated the conviction of Joyce, Avery, McDonald and McKee. If it had been the design of the Attorney-General to deter these witnesses from bearing any further testimony in behalf of the Government, he could not have written more aptly to such a purpose, and hence the injurious criticism which his ill-advised communication has provoked even at the hands of Republican journals. And his advice in the premises was as gratuitous as it was injudicious, for it rests with the Secretary of the Treasury, and not with the Attorney-General of the United States, to compromise any civil or criminal case arising under the internal revenue laws. Yea, it was doubly gratuitous, and, therefore, doubly injudicious, for in the body of his letter the Attorney-General distinctly states that he is "not aware that any of the officials charged with the execution of the laws contemplate to favor or protect any of the accused."

Having thus stripped himself of all legitimate motive for addressing such a communication to the prosecuting attorneys of the Government, Mr. Pierrepont must not complain if the suspicious public supposes itself to find a sinister motive for the awkward proceeding to which he has set his hand. And if, as he says, it is his determination to have these prosecutions so conducted, that when they are over the honest judgment of the honest men of the country will be that "no one has been maliciously persecuted, and that no one has escaped through favoritism or partiality," he could not have written more aptly to defeat his own determination. That a lawyer re-

puted to be so logical and clear-headed should have lent his name to such a maladroit manifesto very naturally gave rise to the current newspaper explanation that this unfortunate "letter missive" was written at the instance of President Grant and not at the mere motion of his Attorney-General. Mr. Pierrepont has since denied the accuracy of this statement, but he has not helped the *bona fides* of the letter by pleading that it was meant to be "confidential," and "was exposed by great impropriety."

And as if the confusion in these cases were destined to be worse confounded by each step which the Administration has taken in the ostensible "furtherance of justice," we have been called to witness a still more disagreeable complication by which the Attorney-General is suspected to have been made an unwitting cat's-paw for the benefit of General Babcock. One R. M. Sherman, an assistant of District-Attorney Bliss, of New York, having procured from Mr. Pierrepont a letter of recommendation addressed to the District-Attorneys at Chicago, Indianapolis and St. Louis, soon turned up at the last-named city as a suspected aider and abettor of General Babcock's counsel. On a representation to this effect having been made by Mr. Dyer (the Government prosecutor at St. Louis), the Attorney-General was put to the fresh humiliation of surrendering this accredited lieutenant to "any severity he may deserve" at the hands of the officials with whose proceedings he had interfered, not to promote but to obstruct the course of justice.

Unfortunately for the credit of the Administration in this judicial process, the evidence elicited by the examination of the witnesses called to testify in the premises has not been of a nature to dissipate the cloud of suspicion which has arisen from all these sources. Mr. J. W. Douglass, the Ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, when put upon the stand, testified as follows:

"Some two or three months before Secretary Richardson went out of office I had a talk with the President, and told him things were 'crooked' in St. Louis, and I thought if a proper investigation was made it would result largely to the benefit of the Treasury; he concurred with me, and asked me when I was going to begin; on the 26th of January, 1875, I addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the change of Supervisors; the rumors of frauds beginning in 1872 caused me to write this letter; afterwards, Secretary Bristow came into the office and we talked the matter over, concluding to wait until the Fall elections were over; we waited, and then there were a number of Senatorial elections, and we had to wait until they were over; then we found that we were in the midst of the Presidential election, and that was another obstacle; after that, we arranged to make the transfers."

It is quite needless to comment upon a state of facts like that which Mr. Douglass here exposes to the gaze of the whole country. The Administration, it seems, deliberately postponed an inquisition into the guilty practices of the Whisky Ring, at first, till the "Fall elections" were over, then until certain "Senatorial elections" were over, and then until the "Presidential election" was over! The members of the Whisky Ring were thus recognized as powerful allies of the Republican Party, whom it would not be safe to disturb in their plundering operations so long as these "elections" were pending. It is not too much to say that in this consenting to this postponement the Administration became an accessory before the fact to all frauds subsequently perpetrated by this flagitious organization—a circumstance which should have made the President and the Attorney-General doubly circumspect, lest they should be entrapped into making themselves accessories after the fact, now that the private secretary of the President has been put on trial for supposed complicity in this gigantic robbery of the public revenues.

It is not for us to adjudge, still less to prejudge, the case that has been made against General Babcock before the St. Louis jury and before the American people. It now appears that while in the month of November last he was publicly clamoring for permission to testify in the St. Louis trials of that date, he was privately entreating his friends and counsel in that city to "fix things," so that he would not be summoned to the dreaded ordeal. And it now appears, furthermore, that "whereas before his trial it was freely stated in all the papers that the famous telegrams of General Babcock admitted of a ready and satisfactory explanation, we see now nothing but a strenuous effort to keep them out of the evidence. And yet we are told that they meant no harm. Then, why not admit them without objection, and show their innocent character?" Such is the view taken of the pleadings in this case by even such a determined supporter of the Republican Party as the *New York Times*. And in the face of such pleadings it is obvious that a technical acquittal of General Babcock by the St. Louis jury will not suffice for his acquittal before the bar of public opinion.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

THE annual trial of the coinage of the United States, which has just taken place at Philadelphia, and is fully described in another column, suggests the question whether it is not possible to establish a

uniform system of weight and standard for all of the coins of the world, and thus avoid the confusion and loss which the present incongruous state of affairs necessarily entails.

It would be very appropriate to hold an International Congress on this subject pending the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, to which delegates should be invited from all the nations of the earth, and where the whole question could be exhaustively treated, and possibly definitely settled. The four nations chiefly interested are: Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States. These Governments already so nearly approach uniformity, that a compromise would seem to be very easy. The 20-mark piece of Germany weighs 7.168 grammes pure gold, and 7.965 grammes standard gold, and is worth \$4.764. The 25-franc piece of France weighs 7.258 grammes pure gold, 8.605 grammes standard gold, and is worth \$4.824. The sovereign weighs 7.322 grammes pure gold, 8.136 reduced to standard, and its value is \$4.865. The United States half-eagle weighs 7.523 grammes pure gold, or 8.359 grammes standard gold, and its value is \$5.000. It will thus be seen that the variations in weight are exceedingly small, and as they depart from holding simple relations with the metric system, they are some of them not only commercially inconvenient, but are also scientifically anomalous, and reflect discredit upon the intelligence of the Government tolerating them. In order to secure the practical benefits of an international coinage, only a few changes are necessary. There must be a uniform fineness of gold coins, honestly maintained by the mints of the different nations, and attested by annual international assays. Under such an arrangement the "trial of the pyx" would be by a commission appointed by all the nations entering into the treaty, and it would be necessary, as it has been shown by careful assays made at the United States Mint that the coins actually produced by the Mint of France averaged 899.2 instead of 900, as required by law. This error was in favor of the mint, and the profit from it in one year, on a coinage of 210,000,000 francs, was 164,380 francs. From this statement it will be seen that an international scrutiny would be necessary to secure good faith, and to serve as a mutual check upon the officers of the mints.

Under this first proposition it is necessary to agree upon gold as the standard metal of coinage, and to adopt a uniform alloy. A majority of nations have already accepted nine-tenths as affording the best results, but the English cling to eleven-twelfths from custom and tradition. Pure gold is too soft to serve for coinage, as the loss would be very great. The alloy of nine-tenths is sufficiently hard to resist ordinary wear and abrasion, while it does not destroy the die by offering too great resistance. This latter condition must not be forgotten, as there is such a thing as too hard a metal for practical working. Our Government at one time tried aluminium bronze as alloy, composed of ninety parts copper and ten parts aluminium, with reference to substituting it for our present nickel coinage, but they soon found that the great hardness of the alloy would add largely to the cost of coinage, and the project was abandoned. The gold alloy, nine-tenths fine, wears very well, and the convenience of the decimal relation is decidedly in its favor. The wear of coins has been determined in England by actual experiment, and the result reached, after taking specimens of all the gold coins, shows that each coin bears an average annual loss of about 1-900 by friction. Small as this abrasion is, it amounts to a very large sum in the aggregate. If the United States Mint should receive back all the gold and silver coin in the country at face value, it has been estimated that the Government would lose over \$100,000. The question of a proper standard of fineness is, therefore, one of importance, and this has been determined by the rubbing together in a revolving barrel, half a million times each, of alloys of gold made with silver, copper, platinum, iron, tin, lead, bismuth, manganese, nickel, cobalt, zinc, arsenic, antimony and aluminium. Under these circumstances it will not be difficult for the members of the International Congress to agree upon a uniform standard.

Having settled the fineness, the next question likely to arise is uniformity of weight and nomenclature. The simplest plan would be to stamp the weight of the gold coins on the face in metrical terms—that is, in grammes, and decimals of that weight. On the reverse side, something equivalent to a trade-mark in the form of an eagle, or effigy of any kind, could be placed, to show, in what country, and at what mint, the coin originated. In this way a cosmopolitan nomenclature would be introduced, into which everybody would easily glide without opposition or jealousy. It has been proposed in this country to provide that each dollar of denominative value shall contain 1.5 grammes fine gold, and that the coins shall remain as before,

nine-tenths fine. This system requires the decrease of about one-third of one per cent. from the present weight, as follows:

Weight in fine gold.	Weight of coin.
Grammes.	Grammes.
Present.....1.50483	Present.....1.67811
Proposed.....1.5	Proposed.....1.66666
Decrease.....0.09483	Decrease.....0.005147

Twenty dollars would weigh thirty-three and one-third grammes and correspond very nearly to one hundred francs, the latter now weighing 32.25806 grammes, standard gold. The following table will show what slight changes in the various national units are necessary to a complete unification of all coins:

	Fine gold.	Weight of coins.
	Grammes.	Grammes.
Three union crowns of Ger-		
many.....30.	33 1/3	9.10
Present 20 dollars of U. S.	30.0926	31.4360 fine
Present 100 francs.....	29.032258	32.25826
Present 1,000 pence sterling....	30.5100	33.2800 11-12
Present 4 pounds sterling.....	29.2895	31.9522 fine

It will be seen from this, as has been ably argued by Mr. D. B. Elliot, of the Treasury Department, "that the chief point of practical moment soon to be decided by commercial nations is, whether 30 or 29.032258 grammes of fine gold—the former the German standard, the latter the French standard—shall represent or define their value." If the proposed change be made in the American gold dollar above indicated, twenty dollars will conform exactly to the three union crowns of Germany and very nearly to the 1,000 pence sterling of England. By adopting the new gold dollar the United States will really take the lead on the road to unification, and England and France will be pretty certain to follow.

The whole subject has been ably discussed by Dr. Barnard, President of the American Metrological Society for the promotion of and improvement in systems of weight, measure and money, and by Hon. Samuel B. Ruggles, delegate to the International Statistical Congress held in Berlin. It would be the crowning glory of a long and well spent life and a great triumph for our country, if our distinguished citizen, Mr. Ruggles, could be permitted to see assembled at Philadelphia an International Congress composed of men of science, masters of mints, enlightened merchants and traveled men, appointed as delegates from foreign powers, and to there have definitely decided the important question of the unification of coins, as well as of weights and measures, to which he has for many years gratuitously devoted so much thought and labor.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND THE ADVISORY COUNCIL.

THE Ecclesiastical Council, which met in Plymouth Church on Tuesday, the 15th of February, will be remembered in history as one of the most extraordinary assemblies of the kind in the whole history of the Church. It was the largest Council but one, as Mr. Beecher himself said in his opening address, ever convened in the United States—the largest, beyond all question, ever brought together at the call of any one Church. Its title to consideration, however, rests less upon its bulk than upon its character and purpose. It represented one of the most intelligent and influential religious denominations on this continent. It was convened for the purpose of settling certain questions which seriously affect the moral standing and usefulness of one of the ablest of orators, the most effective of preachers, the most gifted of the sons of men, and through this man the welfare and future usefulness of one of the largest congregations in the world.

We have no desire to enter, at present, on the question of the guilt or innocence of Henry Ward Beecher, or the propriety or impropriety of the conduct of Plymouth Church. It is quite clear, however, that there is a great secret—we fear a sinful secret—which will never, perhaps, be fully explained. It is quite clear, also, that in connection with this secret there has been much wrongdoing—prevarication, dissimulation, falsehood, and, it may be, perjury. We should like to think well of Mr. Beecher. We should like to be able to believe him pure and true and good. We should like also to think well of the class of people whom, during the last quarter of a century, he has been successful in gathering around him. But this mystery stands in our way. What is it that so agonizes Mr. Beecher's soul? What is it that wrings from him a sweat almost as of blood? What is it that makes his warmest and most trusted friends so fearful of the truth? The Council has, no doubt, done some good service; but, so far, it has not brought to light the "bottom facts"—it has not dispelled the cloud which rests upon the great Plymouth divine.

The Advisory Council cannot be said to have proved a gain either to Congregationalism or to the cause of religion generally. Christianity, it must be admitted, has once more suffered in the house of its friends. The light which has been thrown upon the

habits and practices, the thoughts and actions, of so-called Christian men is the reverse of encouraging. If Plymouth Church is to be regarded as a fair pattern of a Christian congregation in these times, it cannot be said that the lines are well drawn between the children of light and the children of darkness. If the Beecher scandal has done nothing else, it has apparently demonstrated the inherent weakness and imperfection of the Congregational system of Church government. In almost every other of the great religious bodies—the Roman Catholic, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist—Mr. Beecher would long since have been either acquitted or found guilty; and religion would have been relieved of the scandal. If Mr. Beecher suffers innocently, it is the fault of the ecclesiastical system to which he belongs; if he be guilty, religion suffers. There is great reason to fear that the Council will not succeed in getting at the bottom facts of the case, and making an end of the great scandal. We shall regret such a result, for the sake of Mr. Beecher himself, for the sake of Plymouth Church, and for the sake of the Church at large.

WATCH-MAKING INDUSTRY.

NO manufacture has advanced with more rapid strides in the United States of late years than the making of watches. Other countries claim the honor of inventing the pocket timepiece, or the art of an unique delicacy of finish by hand, but our own workmen have brought almost to perfection the process of watch-making by machinery. The Chinese boast of having invented the clock some thousands of years ago, and the Germans assert that they were the first to bring into the market the "little clock" in an iron case which was worn suspended on the breast, several hundred years since. No ordinary pocket could hold the case, which was six inches in diameter and weighty in proportion. With these claims, however, we have nothing to do. It is not disputed that the first watches made by machinery were the production of citizens of the United States. It was as recently as 1848 that the idea of making watches by machinery suggested itself to an inventive genius in Boston, who saw at once the advantage of a system of interchange of most of the parts. Even the best Swiss and English watches, though produced by the same hands, fail so entirely in uniformity, that one part of the works cannot be substituted for another. To meet this difficulty, and establish something like a system of manufacture, a number of experiments were made, which resulted in the establishment of a watch factory in the suburbs of Boston in 1850. From this time the business became an assured success, though there were still some croakers who believed that the timepieces thus made could never enter into successful competition with those produced by the cheap labor of Europe. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that these prophets of ill existed, since the watch is composed of one hundred and fifty-six different parts and pieces, and the work that has to be done is most minute. The machinery in use is in itself a miracle of art. Some of the drills are so small, that the holes they make cannot be seen without a microscope; the registers measure the least part of an inch; and the machines that shave steel do their work so minutely that it is almost impossible to detect the result of the process. Over such obstacles as these American ingenuity has achieved a complete triumph. Brass and steel are used in about equal quantities in constructing the works of a watch. The sheets are thinned between steel rollers, and thousands of wheels are cut by a single machine in one day. The plates, or framework of the watch, are prepared in a room by themselves, and there drilled for the insertion of the screws and pivots. It is estimated that one man, with the aid of the machinery used for this part of the business, will do sixty times as much work as was formerly done by hand in the same time. The forty-four screws needed for each timepiece are made by swift-running machines that, with lightning rapidity, convert fine steel wire into minute screws, which, after being polished and tempered, take a fine blue color, and are then ready for their infinitely delicate task. Though it takes nearly one hundred and fifty thousand of these screws to weigh a pound, yet each one has its thread perfectly cut, and is uniform with its neighbor. In cutting teeth in the wheels, the same process of uniformity is visible. An upright shaft passes through the centre of a pile of wheels, a lever is raised, and then the cutter does its work almost in an instant, grooving each wheel accurately and according to the pattern. No less wonderful are the processes of the escapement and jewelers' rooms. There diamonds, sapphires and rubies, gathered from all quarters of the earth, are cut into small slabs by circular saws, carved to the right size, and turned in lathes. So small are they when finished, that it takes eighty thousand of them to weigh a pound. The holes into which they fit are measured by minute gauges with an accuracy that is miraculous. Nor does the delicacy of the work end here. The dial requires great care. White enamel in a state of paste is spread over a thin plate of copper, and when dry the dial is placed in a hot furnace and left to bake for a minute. This process sets the enamel, which is afterwards polished with emery, then baked for another moment, and finally placed in the hands of those who are to ornament, point and letter it. When a watch is finished and put together, it is at first loosely adjusted, until it is seen what improvements and alterations are needed. Then follow the polishing and gilding of all the brass portions of the works. Next comes the inspector, who searches closely for flaws, and is quick to detect any inaccuracy. Finally, the adjuster takes the watch and times it. The process is crucial. The new timepiece is left to run for six hours in a place heated to one hundred and ten degrees, and then it is subjected to cold whose intensity is brought as near as possible to zero for the same length of time. If it does not run equally well under these conditions, it is rejected, and is sent back for such reconstruction as is necessary. If it passes muster under these circumstances, it may be taken for granted that it will be worth the price at which it is quoted. Our watchmakers are achieving a great success, and they owe it to the conscientious care with which they work. Their faithfulness and accuracy have conquered many prejudices, and they have well-deserved the golden harvest which they seem likely to win. For those who are fond of machinery and its more minute mysteries, nothing will be found more interesting than the exhibition of American machine-made watches at the Centennial Buildings in Philadelphia.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING FEBRUARY 19, 1876.
Monday.....113½ @ 113½ Thursday.....113½ @ 113½
Tuesday.....113½ @ 113½ Friday.....113½ @ 113½
Wednesday.....113½ @ 113½ Saturday.....113½ @ 113½

A NEW DAINTY OF THE FRENCH CUISINE.—The kangaroo has been introduced into several large estates in France, and is now hunted there like other game. The flesh is sold in the market, and is considered a great dainty.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born on February 22d, 1732. On February 22d, 1876, his 144th birthday was commemorated with unprecedented enthusiasm, not only throughout the United States of America, but wherever in Europe, Asia and Africa there happened to be Americans enough to assemble in honor of "that transcendent name," as Daniel Webster fitly called it, which "stands at the commencement of a new era as well as at the head of the New World."

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON TEA-PARTY at the New York Academy of Music, under the auspices of St. John's Guild, and in aid of the Floating Hospital Fund, on Tuesday evening, February 22d, was a happy thought translated into a good deed with the most brilliant success. Washington's birthday could not have been more appropriately celebrated than by this splendid charitable entertainment.

A BILL TO ABOLISH THE DEATH PENALTY has been passed by both branches of the Maine Legislature.

THE "OLD GUARD" sent as their representatives at the celebration of Washington's Birthday in Charleston, S. C., a delegation of ten officers and men: Lieutenant G. A. Fuller, Commander; Commissary Captain F. F. Beales; Lieutenant C. G. Price; Paymaster-Lieutenant Joseph Torrey; First Sergeant John Martine; and Privates Molineaux Bell, C. O. Wilson, J. E. Bazley, J. P. Whitley and James E. Nolan.

WINSLOW, THE FORGER, is reported to be so eager to return home for trial that he is very impatiently awaiting the arrival in London of Detective Dearborn, who sailed from Boston on February 19th, with the necessary papers for his extradition. The probable result of this trial will be apt to cure him of homesickness.

KILLING IN SELF-DEFENSE IS NOT MURDER, according to the verdict of "Not Guilty," rendered by the jury on February 19th, in favor of Michael Finnell, indicted in the New York Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the alleged murder of Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant.

ICE HAS BEEN MADE SCARCE ENOUGH by the mild weather. Not 100,000 tons of the usual 2,000,000 had been cut on the Hudson up to February 14th; and by way of aggravation, 40,000 tons were melted on the night of February 18th, by the fire which burned eight ice-houses of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, at Athens, N. Y.

THE KEELY MOTOR EXPLOSION in Philadelphia the other day did no special damage—except to the sanguine expectations of stockholders in the Motor enterprise.

BUFFALO, N. Y., considering the hard times, is doing an amount of ship-building just now that fairly takes the starch out of the arguments of those Congressmen who are talking about "languishing American commerce." No less than three large lake propellers, one passenger propeller, ten steam-tugs and eleven yachts are now on the stocks there.

THE DEMAND FOR POSTAGE STAMPS, postal cards, and stamped envelopes, during January, reached \$3,500,000. The Department has sold 90,000,000 postal cards since June 30th, 1875; the sales during the entire fiscal year preceding were only 101,000,000.

THE WOOLEN MANUFACTURE in CALIFORNIA is rapidly increasing. The Marysville woolen mills are running eighteen hours a day, and turning out large quantities of blankets.

GENERALS SHERMAN, HANCOCK, SHERIDAN AND ORD all agree in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The New York Times says, with truth, that people are getting a little tired of hearing philanthropy pleaded as an excuse for jobbery, and a pretty strong public sentiment exists in favor of giving the officers of the army a chance of showing what they can do with the irrepressible "wards of the nation."

MUD has cost the State dearly, according to the volumes of testimony from the canal commissioners. In the case of Belden & Co., the testimony shows how the returns were increased, reaching in one instance \$10,000 a month, while dark hints are given, without actual proof, of whole boat-loads of material being moved away at night, returned, and then moved away in the morning as new loads. The evidence of Abram Sickles, an assistant foreman of the dredges, shows that in September, 1871, the amount dredged was 10,556 cubic yards, and the State paid for 14,911 cubic yards, the State being swindled out of \$3,040.50 for that month alone. In November, 1871, the amount fraudulently obtained from the State was \$10,572.10.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S CANAL Investigating Commissioner has recovered, says the New York World, more than \$42,000 of money stolen by the Canal Ring, and prevented a further steal of more than one million in the last year. The commission cost about \$35,000 only. The Republicans of the Legislature have been assailing it ever since the session began. How it makes them writhe and twist, to have the Canal Ring interfered with!

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—In the first five years of life, of 100 Jewish children, 12 die; of 100 Christian children, 24 die. Among 100 Jews, 54 attain to 50 years; among 100 Jews, 54 attain 50 years. Thirteen Christians in 100 attain 70 years; while out of 100 Jews, 27 attain 70 years. One-quarter of all Christians attain only 6 years and 11 months; one-quarter of all Jews attain 28 years and 3 months. Among 100 merchants, one-half of the Christians die before 57, while one-half of the Jews live until 67.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS will not fail to echo the following declaration of the N. Y. Sun: "Let it be remembered and recorded to the imperishable honor of Samuel J. Tilden, that under his auspices the government of this State has been purified, thieves of both parties, and especially of his own party, have been driven out, the sale of legislation has been stopped, and the whole tone of official and political life reformed and elevated."

THE LAST SPANISH NOTE TO THE GREAT POWERS on the subject of the Cuban insurrection is thus wittily and briefly summarized by the New York Herald: "There is no insurrection worth speaking of; hence a hundred thousand soldiers are wanted to put it down. The island is twice as prosperous as it was; hence gold is at a premium and the soldiers are unpaid. We can make no terms with an insurrection which does not exist; hence no reforms can be granted until it is put down."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING of Mr. and Mrs. David C. Levy, highly-respected residents of Philadelphia, was celebrated, on January 25th, by a large reunion of relatives and friends at the house of the happy pair. Mr. Levy was born in Charleston, S. C., January 23d, 1805. His grandfather, D. N. Cardozo, a native of New York city, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War.

ANOTHER STEAMSHIP COLLISION in the British Channel, and a report that the *Egypt*, of the National line, is ashore off Egremont Beach, on the Cumberland coast, do not make the Centennial year open auspiciously for the thousands of passengers who are expected to travel this season between the Old World and the New.

NEW YORK CITY seems to be "counted out" by the Directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, which will run through trains from Boston to Philadelphia, during the Centennial Show, in eleven hours. This is a fresh reminder of the indispensableness of a revival of public spirit on the part of New York capitalists, if they wish to maintain commercial supremacy.

TWO CHRONOLOGICAL QUERIES have been sent to us by a correspondent: "1st. On what day, month and year does the Twentieth century begin? 2d. To what century do December 31st, 1899, and January 1st, 1900, respectively, belong?" We answer—1st. The Twentieth century will begin on the first day of the month of January of the year 1900—instantly after midnight of the preceding day. The First century began with the first day of the Christian era, and the Twentieth century will correspondingly begin the instant that era commences to be a fraction over 1899 years old. 2d. December 31st, 1899, will belong to the Nineteenth century, and January 1st, 1900, will be in the Twentieth century. It is on the same principle that a child is one year old on the arrival of its second birthday.

A PARAGRAPH is going the round of the press announcing that John Brougham, the popular author and actor, is about to retire from the stage at the close of the present season. We are glad to contradict the report. We are, however, happy to add that he is now busy in writing his autobiography—a work which cannot fail to be very interesting. He has also just finished a new comedy.

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, entering upon its twenty-sixth year, has increased the annual dues of membership to \$10. This is a necessary part of the scheme to provide a special building that will give adequate accommodation to the extremely valuable library and collections, as well as to the increasing attendance of members and their friends upon the Winter lectures. It is contemplated to purchase a building in the upper part of the city, for which the Society now has \$25,000 on hand, and make it serve the purposes of a geographical and scientific club-house, in addition to the ordinary requirements of such an organization.

"CLEANLINESS IS GODLINESS."—An attempt has recently been made to introduce upon Eastern railroad lines the "hotel-car," an institution peculiarly Western, but which seems in some respects to have outlived its popularity. No man, if he can at all secure a comfortable berth elsewhere, will go to bed for the second time in a hotel-car, leaving alone the annoyance of being turned out of your comfortable lodgings for the purpose of having the same transformed into a breakfast-table. The idea of a hotel-car may have been ingenious, but it cannot last among a people that in the second century of its existence will probably enjoy more leisure and think a little more, even if it travel somewhat faster than during its first hundred years. With more time to observe and practice the various proprieties and amenities of life, they will surely not patronize a system which compels them to sleep near the kitchen-range, or to eat upon the bed-slats. The Americans are a cleanly people, and though they may for a while be driven along in the encouragement of something that looks smart and ingenious, they can never be made permanently to support anything that savors of bad ventilation and hidden dirt. What we do look for at an early day on our railroads is a dining-room-car proper. The hotel principle can be maintained, but not in the same car. A healthy-fitted-up saloon-car for dining purposes only, where no beds are allowed to be made, is really one of the luxuries of travel which we are surprised to find not a single enterprising railroad company or palace-car company has ever yet hit upon. Thus, indeed, a man might enjoy the comforts of a repast with his family, while traveling at lightning speed, without any *arrière pensée*, and without bedclothes odors about the table. Only when this reform—sleeping in one car and dining in another—is inaugurated, will the hotel-car become really popular through the length and breadth of the land.

A REDUCTION IN TELEGRAPH RATES is the happy result for the public from renewed warfare between the Telegraph Companies.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A SEQUEL to the Landis-Carruth murder at Vineland, N. J., was reached; Landis was acquitted of the murder on the ground of insanity, and a few days afterwards he was examined, and, on being pronounced sane, was set at liberty. Scannell, of New York, was acquitted of a like charge for a like reason, and sent to the lunatic asylum at Elmira, where, although being now reported perfectly restored, he is still detained. New Jersey is one ahead of New York in a not very enviable proceeding.

THE Babcock case ran a pretty rapid course at St. Louis. On the 14th the Court decided to admit the telegrams as evidence against, and on the 15th the prosecution rested. Ex-Archbishop-General Williams opened for the defense on the 16th, and a number of witnesses testified to the good character of the defendant. On the 17th the President's deposition was read, and a letter-carrier, James Magill, put on the stand. His cross-examination practically destroyed the force of his direct testimony. The Court ruled out two of the dispatches that had been held in reserve, and admitted the third, and the defense rested. On the 18th, Judge Porter, for the defense, asked the Court to direct a verdict of acquittal, on the ground of insufficient evidence, but the motion was denied. The summing up began on the 19th, being led off by Colonel Broadhead, for the prosecution. He was followed by Mr. Storrs, for the defense, whose speech being interrupted by an attack of palpitation of the heart, an adjournment was made to Monday, the 21st.

THE Special Committee of the Louisiana House of Representatives, appointed to investigate the books of the State Treasurer, declared that both that officer and Governor Kellogg should be impeached, that Attorney-General Dibble should be removed, and that criminal proceedings should be begun against Alfred Shaw, attorney for the Metropolitan Board of Police, and J. H. Oglesby, the fiscal agent.

At the thirty-fifth annual commencement of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, held at the Academy of Music on the 15th, diplomas were presented to 134 graduates.

THE trustees of the John Hopkins University have secured Professor James J. Sylvester, LL.D., F.R.S., of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, England, for Professor of Mathematics.

A CONVENTION of the Governors of the Southern States will be held at New Orleans on the 25th, to devise plans for promoting emigration from Europe, to the cotton and tobacco districts, of industrial hands.

For the first time in its history Cincinnati will have a Mardi Gras pageant on the 29th.

CHARLES O'CONNOR will make his reappearance in public after his illness, on Thursday evening, February 24th, when he will preside at the annual meeting of the State Charities Aid Association.

Foreign.

AMERICAN securities remained firm in the London Stock Exchange.

THE Alfonsists appear to have adopted a practical plan for the termination of the war against the Carlists, and if the jealousy of the Spanish officers can be held in subjection to the demands of patriotism, a cessation of strife may be expected at an early day. The appointment of General Quesada as chief of staff to the King is a deserved compliment to the military ability of that officer.

AS AN apologetic reply to the last American note, the Spanish circular, recently issued to the foreign representatives of that country, cannot be considered satisfactory. The statement that the United States took twice the time (i. e., the duration of the war in Cuba) to subdue Florida, and France much longer to conquer Algeria, is no excuse for the oppressions forced upon the Cuban people. The London Times, reviewing the pith of the note, says: "Spain speaks as if she had not merely been guilty of oppression, but had treated the island with generosity; and altogether we are forced to infer that the people which has fought against so good a protector for more than seven years with indescribable bitterness must be an unparalleled compound of stupidity and wickedness. Such a line of argument lacks the first element of good advocacy, for it is not even plausible. The King, in his address at the opening of the Spanish Cortes, said that 32,000 soldiers had been sent to the island since his accession, and that 'we shall uphold the integrity of the Cuban territory.' It might not be impertinent to inquire, 'What becomes of all the Spanish troops sent to Cuba? Here is an acknowledgment that 32,000 have been sent from the mother country in about one year; and under the Republic large bodies were forwarded every few weeks. There has been no account of any of these men having returned to Spain, neither is it evident that they have seriously interfered with the programme of the insurgents. If the integrity of the Cuban territory is to be upheld by sacrificing many thousands of soldiers each year, the time will come when resistance to an order, the execution of which is simply brutal, will precipitate another revolution at home.'

A NEW difficulty with the Herzegovinians is imminent. The Porte having yielded to the pressure of the Great Powers and accepted the reforms proposed in the Andrássy note, granted amnesty to the insurgents; but they, displeased with the provisions of the new reforms, refuse to abide by the Sultan's concessions, hence the peaceful settlement of the troubles is likely to be considerably retarded; and as the Powers under the guarantee are bound to support Turkey, Herzegovina is left in a worse condition than before, having to encounter the opposition of the leading European cabinets in addition to that of the Porte.

THE social and diplomatic worlds of London have been agitated over the rumor that General Schenck had tendered his resignation, the more so by reason of the connection of his name with the Emma Mine swindle. Although denials were made of the actual tender, the immediate probability of it is considered strong. It should not be forgotten that the President makes it a rule to stand by every official subject to "newspaper abuse."

APPROVAL of the cession of the Prussian railways to the Empire has been given by the Emperor William.

OBITUARY.

FEBRUARY 14th.—At Paris, France, Mrs. Cornelia V. N. Roosevelt, widow of James I. Roosevelt, and daughter of the late ex-Governor Van Ness, of Vermont, aged 65.

17th.—At Hartford, Conn., the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, a prominent literary and theological author, aged 78.

18th.—At Boston, Miss Charlotte Cushman, the tragic actress, aged 60.

18th.—At New York City, William B. Reed, Ex-Archbishop-General of Pennsylvania, ex-United States Minister to China, and for many years the leading lawyer of Philadelphia, aged 70.

19th.—A dispatch from Paris announces the death of Henri J. G. Patin, a member of French Academy, and Adolphe T. Brongniart, a popular scientist and author.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 415.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—A GARDEN PARTY IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT BELVEDERE, CALCUTTA.



ENGLAND.—MOVING THE CARNIVORA TO THE NEW HOUSES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON.



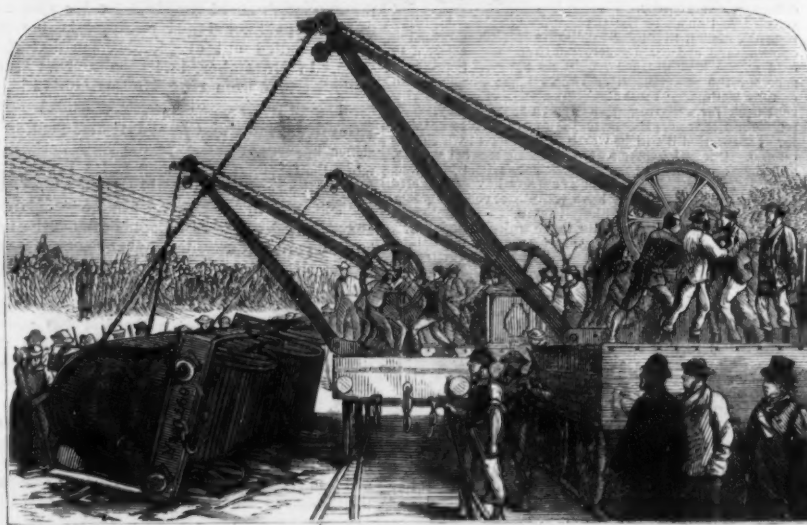
THE SNOWFALL IN NAVARRE.—A MILITARY TRAIN FROM OTEIZA TO MOUNT ESQUINZA.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITING THE MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.



ENGLAND.—THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT ABBOT'S RIPTON, HUNTINGDON—GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.



ENGLAND.—THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT ABBOT'S RIPTON—RAISING THE ENGINE FROM THE WRECKED TRAIN.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—PAYING OFF WORKMEN AT THE CONTRACTORS' BUILDING, ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUND, IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 415.

FROM MOSCHUS.

By W. T.

WHEN the wind softly sways the azure sea,
My languid spirit kindles at the sight,
And then the land is no more a delight,
Only the mighty main seems sweet to me.

But when the waters in their wrath grow hoar,
And the long rollers rage with curling foam,
I turn again towards my wooded home,
And love to look upon the sea no more.

Ah! sweet the land, and sweet the forest dark,
Whose pines make song, whate'er the wild wind's
strife;

And hard, indeed, must be the fisher's life,
Who toils upon the deep—his home, a bark;

His prey, the roaming fish. But 'tis my lot
Beneath the plane's full leaf at ease to dream,
And thence I love to hear the passing stream,
Whose prattle charms, and can disquiet not.

LIZA.

By E. M. DE JARNETTE.

CHAPTER I.

DID you ever know a "Charley" who was not nice and clear-eyed (eyes generally blue), and altogether pleasant? I remember me of a certain naval officer, and a "Doctor Charley," that all the girls went wild about, and all the young maidens who read this story can remember them, I will venture to say, of at least half a dozen like Charley Benton. He was a young man whom it would not be safe to leave alone with his own grandmother, had there been no other ear into which to pour sweet nothings.

To Liza Dean's utter consternation, he came alone, in response to an invitation to her old school-mate, Nellie Benton, "to come with her brother and pay them a visit." "Them," meaning herself and brother, William Dean, with whom she, Liza, lived and kept house.

Liza remembered Charley as a schoolboy, so lively and good-looking, that all the schoolgirls made a pet of him.

"Nellie was off on a long visit, Miss Liza," said Charley, "and the house was as lonesome as a funeral, and I was only too glad of an opportunity of renewing the friendship of 'lang syne.'"

Truly, Liza did not feel at all acquainted, for Charley had lengthened and stoutened, had side-whiskers and a mustache, and, in fact, was no more "a boy" than her own brother William.

Handsome, very handsome; and he evidently thought so himself, for he wore his hair long, and parted in the middle; a style which is not adopted by men who form modest estimates of themselves. In every respect he was a complete contrast to her lover, Samuel Eagle, who had

"Hands and feet of wonderful size,
Mud-colored hair and dubious eyes."

In that quiet, remote little country-house, what was to be done with this fashionably dressed, dainty exquisite?

When William Dean politely showed him over the farm, and paused lovingly before the twin calves, so exactly alike as to require a microscope of "double hextra" power to discern the difference, he showed an utter want of appreciation. The remarkable bunches of wheat hanging in the hall, and stalks of corn, resembling that of Pharaoh's famous dream, inasmuch as there were seven ears upon one stalk, failed to make the slightest impression. He did not appear to know whether turnips grew on vines or bushes, and worse still, did not care a button about them, anyhow. William could not repress disgust at this culpable ignorance, and in view of having the prospect of his society for several weeks ahead, almost regretted his ill-timed hospitality.

Liza herself felt as if she had "drawn the elephant." Not that the young man was at all dull with her, for his supply of small-talk seemed inexhaustible. Under it she blushed and nervously twisted her big engagement-ring, while William would look on, with a provoking "I told you so" expression.

"Thanks, no," he said, when William invited him to take another stroll with him (of about five miles) over the farm. "I prefer hearing Miss Liza sing this morning."

William went on his way, whistling "The Blue Danube," infinitely preferring Mr. Benton's room to his company.

In her blue dress, Liza passed him on her way to the parlor, not feeling at heart near so much annoyance as the "moue" made for her brother's benefit indicated.

All the young maidens aforesaid, who so swear by "Charleys," know how much good and valuable time may be wasted over a piano, with "Hear Me, Norma," "Then I'll Remember Thee," and other similar sentimentalities.

Liza might have finished William's vest that she had begun with such "a rush"; she might have knit a new heel into one of those big socks, or, with profit to herself, have read forty pages of history, while the hands of the old moon-faced clock were, scissors-like, clipping off three valuable hours into old time's waste-basket.

It surely was pleasant to this rather solitary young girl to have such an interested listener to her old-fashioned songs. Besides, he read aloud extremely well, and blue eyes and side-whiskers help out Tennyson wonderfully. They played backgammon, and after a while Charley bought a set of croquet for Liza, and then they had something to squabble and quarrel over, which helps along a flirtation wonderfully.

Liza's nervousness vanished like mist before the sun, and William was well content to see his sister so well amused.

Sam's frequent letters from the Far West Liza conscientiously answered, and, though not pining for his soon return, felt very amiably disposed towards her absent lover. She had long ago written him word that she expected a visit from a school-friend, "Nellie Benton" and her brother, a lively boy, "who would shoot birds for them, and help amuse William."

But since the "lively boy's" arrival, who did not care a cent about "shooting birds or amusing William," she had not considered the subject worth mentioning again.

When, one day, Charley Benton asked her, with the most eloquent protestations of love, to marry him, instead of telling him that she was engaged, as all right-minded young women would have done (?), she turned red and white, and hung her head, and twisted her big ring nearly off.

"I feel very sure that you love me, darling," he said, "though not one-half as much as I want you to. Won't you look me in the eyes, dear, and tell me so?" He held her small brown hands unresistingly in his, and kissed her red lips; but she would say nothing. "Liza, am I mistaken? Do you love me a little?"

A faint "Yes," and then she broke away and ran up to her own room.

"What have I done? What have I said?" she panted. "Oh, if William should find it out! I am sure he would call it flirting, he is so very particular; but I only told the truth—I know I did!—and that ought to be spoken at all times. My heart is big enough to love more than one person at a time, and, if Sam objects, I can write and let him off this very night. Oh, I hope Charley will never allude to this again. I dare say he will forget all about it, and that will settle everything."

Comforting herself with this very improbable probability, Liza waited till her heart stopped beating so very loud, brushed her hair, put on a prettier necktie, smiled at herself in the glass, and descended.

As the subject had agitated Liza to such an extent, Charley did not press matters any further for the present; only he assumed an air of quiet proprietorship over her, and was gently affectionate in his manner.

There was no doubt in his mind of a girl's coming around to his way of thinking on any question, if she were allowed time, and he was in no haste. Indeed, the Arabic proverb, "Agito fil Shaitan"—"Hurry is the devil's," was his motto on most occasions.

"Who gave you that ring, Liza?" he asked suddenly, as they were idly rowing on the lakelet that bordered William's domains. "And why are you always fidgeting over it? If it is tight, why not take it off at once, and not worry over it so? Let me look at it." And he held out his hand imperiously.

"Oh, but that is impossible, Charley!" she cried, earnestly; "it was given me by a friend, and it would be bad luck to take it off."

"Humph! I did not suppose it the gift of an enemy. You are like my sister Nellie—she believes in signs and omens. But you have not answered my question, Liza, and it is one I have a right to ask, since it seems such a blushing matter. Though I cannot see why, for I verily believe you are not acquainted with any man except myself."

"Oh, but I am, though!" cries Liza, laughing, half indignantly.

"Yes, there is your brother William; but I will not be jealous of him."

Rather glad at heart that such a favorable opportunity for explaining the state of the case had presented itself, without her having to undergo the terrible process of making up her mind, this weak, unstable little Liza handed him the ring, determined to answer all questions as religiously as if she were saying her catechism.

But Charley did not ask any. In his ineffable self-conceit he suspected nothing. He read the inscription as best he could. "Minzie—Mizzie!—Don't rock the boat so, Liza: I believe you are doing it on purpose." "S. E. to Liza."—Oh, I suppose it is that Sally Ernest, that my sister Nell raves so about. By your leave," he added, carelessly holding it towards her, "I will replace it with a prettier one. You do not half belong to me till I have you bound with golden fetters."

"But, Charley—" came almost in a whisper from Liza's pale lips, then a little shriek, as the ring slipped through his fingers down deep, deep, deep into the waters. She put her hands to her face, and cried softly to herself. And looked exceedingly pretty, too, with the tears on her brown lashes, and eyes swimming in them, while the ready color deepened on her oval cheeks.

"I'll tell you what I've done, and it's no great matter, after all. I've made room for the one I am going to give you; only mine shall be far prettier, with a big pearl—"

"Oh! no, no!" cried Liza. "It must be exactly like the other. Promise me! I was so attached to it. I'll write the very words on a piece of paper to have carved in it," and she peered down into the rippling water in the vain hope of seeing a golden gleam from the drowned ring.

"Of course I will, if you desire it," replies Charley, coldly; "but I cannot see why you should desire to have a girl's name engraved in a ring I give you."

"But 'Mizpah' is not a girl's name. It is a motto," stammered Liza, "and my brother William liked it so!"

"And what the mischief has your brother William to do with it?" cries Charley, peevishly.

Oh, what an opportunity was there, my countrymen, for this feeble-minded young person to have proved herself the noblest Roman of them all; to have put George Washington and the immortal hatchet to the blush by telling the whole truth! But when Charley added, in an injured tone, "I think a fellow might be allowed to put what he chooses in his own engagement-ring," she never opened her lips.

CHAPTER II.

"ONLY two letters," says William, at the breakfast-table. "One for Mr. Charles Benton, the other for myself. Why, here's good news, indeed, Liza," he continued. "Sam has had the very best of luck, and we may look for him in about two weeks."

"And who is Sam?" cries Charley, looking up from his own letter with eyes suddenly suspicious.

"Sam? why Sam is, or rather was, one of our nearest neighbors, and one of the best fellows in the world. Have you never heard of Sam? I fancied Liza might have spoken of him."

"Not once! There are no Sams she has ever told me a word about."

"You never asked me about any," says Liza, putting sugar in the cream-jug, and pouring coffee into her plate.

That could not be denied, but Liza's appetite for the nice buckwheat cakes suddenly vanished. Charley read his letter in scowling silence. It was from his father requesting his immediate return on important business. So there were only a few hours more in which to discuss the subject of "Sams," or any other. William had to bid his guest good-by at once, as he had some "yearlings to purchase that morning," so there was no restraint upon Liza's tears, which flowed so freely, and she looked so heartbroken and distressed, that Charley put his arms around the waist of the blue dress, and did not have the heart to allude to "Sams," or any other disagreeable subjects. He left, promising a speedy return.

True to his promise, he had obtained a *fac simile* of the lost ring; only, in addition to "the words on the piece of paper," Liza had furnished him, he added, "from Charley," which addition caused hours of mental uneasiness to the wearer.

In the quiet days that came after Charley's departure Liza had many hours in which to reflect on her evil behavior.

"Oh," she moaned, "I do love Charley; I know I do! What ever possessed him to come without Nellie, and get me into such a difficulty, I wonder? For I am as fond of Sam as ever I was, and William's heart's so set on the match, he would never forgive me if I threw him over, and I cannot marry but one, possibly. Oh, dear; it is all an accident. I am sure, and William ought not to blame me for a pure accident."

Her brother was so cheerful over Sam's good luck, and looked forward with such satisfaction to his return, that Liza could not bear to mention anything of a dampening nature to him, and kept her troubles to herself—brooding over them in a nervous way till

"Concealment, like a worm," the bud,
Preyed on her damask cheek."

Yes, this healthy, rosy-cheeked Liza, who hardly knew how a headache felt, became downright sick. First, she grew nervous and pale, starting at every noise, and drooped about with an utter want of energy. William, noticing her languor, would send for the doctor, who dosed her with mixtures and pills till she was sick indeed, and took to her bed out of pure fright and nervousness.

When news came that Charley Benton might be looked for on the eventful Thursday that Samuel Eagle had fixed for his return, William whistled a long whistle, indicating extreme surprise. Liza immediately shut her eyes and pretended to be in a deep sleep, till her brother William, fearing he might awaken her, tipped on the toes of his creaky boots out of the room.

Then Liza got up and wrote long and explicit letters to Charley, to Sam, and to her brother William, heading them all, after the fashion of criminals, "A full and Complete Confession." After reading them over, she carefully burnt them all, and returned to her bed, with head throbbing and burning, and hands and feet as cold as ice.

Thursday came. Charley Benton came; then Samuel Eagle came, every line of his honest countenance beaming with pleasure.

William Dean stood on the porch, anxious and flurried, and scared about Liza. He was talking with the doctor, and asked Sam to walk into the parlor for a few moments till he could join him.

In the parlor Sam found a handsome stranger, who bowed coldly to him, and continued his occupation of pacing the floor.

"Mr. Dean," he said, advancing, as soon as William entered the room, "your sister has known of my arrival an hour; as her affianced husband, I demand to see her."

"Deranged, I presume," said Samuel Eagle to himself, regarding the stranger with compassion. To William he said, in a low tone, "Cannot I see my darling at once?"

"Your darling, sir?" cried Charley Benton, advancing fiercely. "What do you mean, fellow?"

"I mean my promised wife up-stairs," he returned, coolly. "What the deuce have you to do with it?"

"Liza Dean is engaged to me!" hissed Charley. "It is false!"

In a fury of passion, Charley caught up a heavy chair and strode towards the other.

"Hold, gentlemen, hold!" cries William, rushing between them. "There is foul play somewhere. Come with me, both of you; the girl shall decide for herself."

Liza, looking pale as a lily, sitting in an armchair, in her pretty blue dress, heard their hasty footsteps on the stairs. She heard and trembled. In a moment they were standing by her—all three.

William bent down and whispered a few stern words in her ear.

"There is the ring," she cried; "see for yourself," and she shook it from her slender finger.

"S. E. to Liza. Mizpah. From Charley."

They all read the inscription. Liza shut her eyes and moaned.

Samuel Eagle stood back, amazed.

"What does this mean?" he said, hoarsely.

"There is some trick. I'll swear I gave her the ring, but some one has tampered with it!"

"I'll swear I paid for it!" muttered Charley.

William groaned.

"Take your hands from your face, Liza, and answer me truly: To which of these men are you engaged?"

"To both!" murmured Liza.

William sank back on a chair in utter consternation.

Charley Benton dashed the ring on the floor, and ground it with his heel.

"Made a fool of by Jove! Trifled with! Deceived! Confound her!" And he stalked out of the room in a fury.

Samuel Eagle stood a moment undecided. He looked down on the slender form in the armchair, "shaken with a storm of sighs." His heart yearned towards her. He bent down, drew the little brown hands from her burning face, kissed her softly, and forgave her without a single question.

"Bygones shall be bygones, dear," he said. "I shall never leave you again, my darling, long enough for you to get into mischief."

But Liza, when the string of her tongue was at last loosed, would not rest till she had told all over and over again.

And they were married before the gay old moon had time to smile on more than half a hundred other inconsistencies, and outrageous proceedings of weak-minded young damsels with pretty faces.

WHERE ARE THE CANNIBALS?

By FREDERIC GARRETSON, M. D.

AMONG the many crimes against the laws of nature into which erring humanity has fallen, there is one of which we have all heard and read; but in all probability not one of our readers has ever seen, or will ever see, it committed.

Cannibalism—the eating of human flesh by men—is a mystery in its origin, and almost as much a mystery in its practice. Like a grim and horrid spectre, it has stalked among the nations of the earth so long that it is named in the oldest records of history, yet so secretly that it has rarely been exposed to the full light of scientific inquiry. Our first glimpse of this spectre was in the veritable history of Jack the Giant-Killer, and we have not yet forgotten how we trembled with the young hero in his concealment, as the ogre, snuffing the air, growled out his "Fee, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!" It was with a sigh of regret that we put away those thrilling pages, and consigned both Jack and the ogre whom he so valiantly slew to the realms of fairy lore.

Graver chronicles of history were placed in our hands, and with what surprise did we learn from them that in its most horrid, and therefore most attractive, feature, the story of Jack was true! There were cannibals in Wales and in Cornwall, for so said our own good Saxon ancestors, when they were driving the wolves, the Kymri and Kelts to the recesses of the mountains.

But the Welsh had a history, too, and we found the matter becoming serious when we read the record of one who dwelt for a time at the court of an early Saxon king. He relates that the king set daily a bountiful table, on which was served up the

flesh of one of his Welsh prisoners of war; and being a pious man withal, he had the Kymri killed on Saturday, to prepare the Sabbath meal.

In confirmation of this fearful tale, we found the record of no less authority than St. Jerome himself. This good man traveled in Gaul when he was young; and on his return reported that he had there seen some "Scots, a people of Britain, who were monsters in human shape, and would eat the shepherd rather than the sheep."

At this point in our historical reading, we began to believe that cannibalism was the common practice of all savage people, and to suspect from their several records that they kept it up long after they had begun to abuse other nations for the same offense.

In every language, we caught the image of the ghoul, which had begun to possess a horrible interest from the mystery in which it was enshrouded. Names almost as frightful as itself asserted its existence, but no "local habitation" could be definitely assigned to the *Anthropophagot* of the Greeks nor to the *Menschenfresser* of the German writers. They were like the ague-and-fever on the banks of our Southern rivers—unknown in the residence of the man questioned as to the salubrity of his country, but fearfully prevalent on the neighboring plantations.

Leaving the somewhat shadowy region of ancient history, we came to the records of Christian times and people, and from the valiant knights who went to rescue the sepulchre from the Moslem we learned that the Saracens were not only heathen, but cannibals also. Turning to the Moslem account, we were shocked to learn that no less a Christian knight than Richard, the Lion-hearted King, being unable on one occasion to obtain his favorite dish of pork, called for and devoured the head of a Saracen!

It now became evident that we must drag our ghost into a brighter light than that of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and we seemed to have him fast when "the world-seeking Genoese" returned from his voyage into the unknown West. The Caribs—or Canibs, as they called themselves—they were the true cannibal islanders, and gave their very name to their dreadful custom. Yes, the dark natives of the Indian isles were at last the only man-eaters, and all that we had read of Saxon, Celtic, Christian or Saracen cannibals, was as much a fable as our cherished Jack the Giant-Killer.

Alas! the ghost was no sooner cornered among these demons of dusky hue, than the art of printing converted the dark-lantern of history into a calcium light, and the poor Canibs appeared in the blaze of truth as the most innocent, harmless and malign of mankind.

Still we turned hopefully to the continent, for no history could exaggerate the fiendish cruelty of the North American Indian, whose *squaws* counted the art of torture among her accomplishments. Jesuit and Puritan, English, Spanish and French, told us one tale of sickening horror, but our hunted spectre nowhere grinned upon their pages: the Indians might be fiends, but they were never cannibals! We had now examined by the light of history all the lands and people we could reasonably hope to visit in after years, and the ogre was not yet found; it seemed like chasing an echo, for in every land nothing was heard in answer to our question, "Where is the cannibal?" but the sound of his name.

Driven to the remotest corners of the earth, we had left only vague reports from Central Africa, and from the most distant islands of the Pacific, to keep alive our faith in the existence of a live cannibal at the present day.

Many inquirers in the same direction had become utterly skeptical, and dismissed all evidence offered, on the ground that the traveler only related what he had heard, or was himself purposely deceived by the people he described as cannibals. The famous Captain Cook, in 1777, had, indeed, given us most detailed accounts as an eye-witness of man-eating among the tribes of New Zealand and the Marquesas; and the former people were accused on as strong evidence by Mr. Earle, of the British surveying ship *Beagle*, in 1827.

Yet, in 1836, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, Hydrographer to the Admiralty, declared that he had seen most parts of the world, and read nearly every book of travels that had been published, but he had never met with any evidence of the existence of cannibalism that would be received in a court of justice.

Lieutenant W. Smith and Mr. F. Lowe, in their "Journey from Lima to Para, across the Andes and down the Amazon," in 1836, were satisfied that man-eating was unknown among the Indians of Brazil; and in 1843, Mr. James Jackson Jarvis, in his history of the Sandwich Islands, concludes that although cannibalism had formerly prevailed there, the practice had then disappeared. So far as we can learn, the same may now be said of the other Pacific islands, and if there is yet a tribe of savages actually using human flesh as food, it must be sought in the parts of Ashantee furthest from the coast, or in the interior of Equatorial Africa.

In the latter region, Du Chailly found two tribes only, living near each other, and differing from all around them, in eating human flesh; they did not confine themselves to eating prisoners of war, but the two tribes traded with each other in the bodies of their dead, to be used as food! At least this was told to M. Du Chailly; but he states that he saw human bones, among those of animals killed for food, thrown around the huts of these people, who are described as being superior, mentally and physically, to the tribes around them.

It does not imply the slightest reflection on the veracity of M. Du Chailly when we say that, after reading the above account in his book, and conversing with him on the subject, we are not convinced that the people in question are cannibals, despite their own admission—for which they might have good reasons of their own. Being more intelligent than their neighbors, they may have chosen to call themselves cannibals, and pretend to eat men, to inspire in other tribes the dread and fear which form the only basis of respect among savages in general. As the result of all our inquiry, we find but two professed eye-witnesses of cannibalism, both of whom saw the act in New Zealand. And in all our reading we have found no attempt to investigate the origin or explain the motives of this dark stain upon human history, which seems to be fast fading out under the light of civilization. It was not until we had ourselves visited Ashantee and studied the habits of other savage people that we realized how erroneous were the conceptions of the nature and meaning of cannibalism which we had derived from books. Having here shown how many nations have been accused, and how few have been convicted, of man-eating, we propose, in another paper, to admit the existence of the practice among certain people, and to give the explanation of it to which we have been led by our own investigations.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

AN INCIDENT IN THE MINISTRATION OF MR. MOODY.

THE arrival in New York, on February 7th, of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the famous revivalists, gave rise to the great social excitement of the season. The Hippodrome, divested of the occasion of its former equestrian and musical associations, suddenly took upon itself the odor of especial sanctity, and New York society was at once seized with an unwonted fervor of devotional sentiment. The building was skillfully altered to adapt it to its new use. The great hall for public worship is on the Madison Avenue front, and has seating capacity for fully 6,000 persons. Another apartment on the Fourth Avenue accommodates 4,500 worshippers. In the first hall a platform is erected on which 1,000 persons can be seated, and on that in the smaller hall 600 can find place. Fourteen furnaces are required to heat these enormous rooms, involving a consumption of about three tons of coal daily. The revival meetings were begun on the evening of February 7th, on which occasion the larger hall was completely filled, an immense crowd having gathered at the Madison Avenue entrance some time before the hour announced for opening the doors. A choir, four hundred strong, occupied the space at the left of Mr. Sankey's organ, while the platform on the right of Mr. Moody's reading-desk was filled with ministers and laymen prominent in Church affairs. It was estimated that fully 7,000 persons were present. None were allowed to stand in the aisles or passages. After the main hall had been filled, those who could not find seats repaired to the smaller or "overflow" hall, where a portion of the choir were in attendance on the platform. Four thousand persons attended the worship in this hall, which was led by Rev. Dr. John Hall, Messrs. Moody and Sankey appearing before the close of the evening. Since then daily meetings have been held at noon, and at eight o'clock each evening. The interest in these gatherings has increased steadily from their beginning, the number of participants in the evenings being almost invariably fully up to the extreme limits of the accommodations, and the approaches to the Hippodrome usually being densely crowded for two hours previous to opening the doors. The fervent utterances of Mr. Moody, and the melodious songs of Mr. Sankey are attended to with profound interest. The public meetings are accompanied by special efforts for the benefit of such individuals as desire to converse directly with Mr. Moody, several "inquiry-rooms" having been prepared for this object, in which the revivalist and his picked corps of spiritual assistants address themselves to such particular requirements as are brought to their attention. Prayer meetings are also held at various hours during the day, sometimes for men exclusively and sometimes for women. The number of people who actually participate in these combined religious efforts is calculated to aggregate upwards of sixteen thousand daily.

PAYING OFF THE WORKMEN ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

WITH a pen plucked from the wing of a noble specimen of the American eagle, President Grant, on February 16th, 1876, signed the Centennial Bill. The electric wire soon telegraphed the news to all parts of the country, but nowhere did the announcement cause more hearty rejoicing than in the good old "City of Brotherly Love." But two days before the splendid Main Exhibition Building was formally turned over to the Board of Finance by the contractor. All doubts as to the success of the enterprise are now dispelled, and the Exhibition will undoubtedly open on May 10th, clear of indebtedness, and with every prospect of being the most varied, interesting and ably conducted World's Fair ever held.

There has been a remarkable promptness on the part of exhibitors in complying with the requirements of the Committee. The contributions of Egypt, Japan, Sweden and Norway are already on the grounds, as well as many American exhibits. The steamship *Pennsylvania*, which arrived at that port on Wednesday last, brought the first installment of British goods, and from all points of the compass vessels are now heading for this country bearing products for the great Exhibition.

A very busy, somewhat noisy, and decidedly entertaining scene is that of the payment of wages to the workmen employed in laying out the grounds and erecting and embellishing the buildings. The greater part of the work now completed was done by contract, and the men were paid directly by their employers in the contractors' building. At the present time there is considerable labor being performed under the immediate supervision of the heads of the bureaus, for which payment is made out of funds in the hands of the United States Commissioners. Our sketch illustrates an occasion of this kind.

PLYMOUTH'S COUNCIL.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS IN CONFERENCE ON IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF CHURCH POLITY.

THE most recent phase of the troubles which have enveloped Plymouth Church during the past few years was its summoning a Council of Congregational Churches for the purpose of settling some important points of difference in Church polity, arising out of the numberless controversies in which Plymouth Church has been involved, and chiefly affecting the relations of Mr. Beecher's flock to the other Churches of that denomination.

During the first week in February a letter missive was addressed to one hundred and seventy-two churches of the Congregational denomination in various localities, inviting them to send delegates to an Advisory Council to be held in Brooklyn. One hundred and thirty-two churches responded to the invitation, and on Monday, the 15th of February, the Council met and organized for work. The sessions were held in Plymouth Church, which was prepared for the purpose by the simple introduction of desks in the choir-gallery for reporters. The Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, was chosen Moderator of the Council. Mr. Beecher delivered an opening address, welcoming the delegates, and expressing confidence in the result of their deliberations. Dr. Bacon, on assuming the chair, made a brief speech, in which he said that the powers of the Council were limited to determining whether Plymouth Church, during its distressing troubles arising out of the scandal question,

had acted justly, and how it should be advised to deal with similar questions which might arise in future. He remarked, that "If Plymouth Church needs whitewashing, it should have called others than us to perform a service of that kind!" This intimation of impartial purpose was received with marked applause. The permanent organization was perfected by the election of the Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, and General Bates, of Springfield, Ill., as Assistant Moderators, and the Rev. Messrs. J. D. Clarke, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., E. F. Howe, of Terre Haute, Ind., and Mr. Boynton, of Newark, N. J., as Scribes.

Mr. Beecher read the printed report of the Plymouth Church Committee, explaining the various points of Church discipline which the Council was called to establish—the gist of the whole being an inquiry as to the propriety of that congregation's course in respect to the accusations against their pastor, and the dropping of Mrs. Moulton from the roll of members. Several other addresses were made in the evening by members of Plymouth Church, and it was resolved to hold three sessions daily, from 9:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., and from 2 to 5, and 7:30 to 9:30 P. M. The first few days of the Council were spent in preparing for systematic work, the diverse views of their duties entertained by so large a body rendering this a somewhat difficult task. A protest of W. F. West claiming that the real trouble of the Church was Mr. Beecher's guilt of the charges preferred by Theodore Tilton was referred to a committee for investigation and report, as were also a set of resolutions declaring the confidence of the Council in Mr. Beecher's innocence. The omission of the Churches of Drs. Storrs and Budington from the invitation to the Council gave rise to considerable discussion, and on Friday, the fourth day of the Council, a resolution was adopted, after long argument, inviting these gentlemen to attend. They both, however, respectfully declined the invitation. Mr. Beecher, in an earnest speech upon the charge of Plymouth Church suppressing investigation, declared that he challenged the truth from man, angels and God himself! The appearance of Henry C. Bowen as a witness excited considerable interest, but his testimony was chiefly confined to his relations to the Plymouth Investigating Committee.

Saturday's proceedings were devoted mainly to a discussion of Henry C. Bowen's connection with the rumors charging Mr. Beecher with criminal conduct, in the course of which the latter pointed out to the Council a variety of discrepancies in Mr. Bowen's several statements on the subject. At 1:30 P. M. the Council went into secret session, and shortly before three o'clock adjourned until the afternoon of Monday, February 21st.

THE BOSTON ELM.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MOST ANCIENT LAND-MARK OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

THE pride of Boston Common, and probably the most ancient historical landmark of that city, the Old Elm, which has towered over the Trimountain Peninsula since an earlier period than the memory of white man comprehends, was totally destroyed by the gale of Tuesday, February 15th. All day long the ancient tree had wrestled successfully with the tornado, but shortly after seven in the evening its overstrained sinews gave way, and the Old Elm, breaking off bodily at the level of the ground, fell, a mass of splintered fragments. The affection in which the tree was held by the citizens of Boston was well shown by the eagerness displayed for obtaining portions of its venerable trunk and limbs, to be preserved as souvenirs. As soon as the news of its fall had spread in the city, all the thoroughfares leading to the Common were speedily crowded with men hastening to the scene of the catastrophe, and knives, saws and hatchets were soon in active operation. There will probably be a vast number of walking-sticks, rustic chairs and parlor ornaments, hailing from the Boston Elm, offered for sale during the year as Centennial tokens. But the city authorities interfered before the wreck had been wholly carried away, and a guard of police was stationed at the spot to protect what was left from the further depredations of enthusiastic relic-hunters. The tree was very rotten, and its huge hollow trunk, lying on its side, presented the appearance of an immense sewer-pipe.

Numerous historical, as well as traditional, associations clustered about the Boston Elm. The Hancock family claim that the tree was set out, a small sapling, by one of their ancestors, about two hundred years ago. The number of rings, however, counted on one of the branches blown off in 1869, showed that the parent stem was considerably more than two centuries old. Other traditions assert the Elm to have served as the gallows on which witches were hung in 1656 and 1659, which considerably antedates the Hancock claim. In the early days of the Massachusetts Colony, the tree was used as a place of execution, and under its shade was expiated, in 1676, the first murder committed in that community, the offender, an Indian, being shot to death. The same shady retreat was also occasionally used as a dueling-ground, it being somewhat difficult of access on account of a surrounding swamp. It was not until 1830 that this wet place was drained and filled up, and the Old Elm made available to visitors. At the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle, just a century ago, the Old Elm was a place of secret meeting of the Sons of Liberty. No particular events, however, of that stirring period are directly associated with it. It was then too far removed from the usual busy resorts of the patriots to become a common rallying-place. Three times before the final catastrophe the Old Elm was nearly destroyed by the elements. In 1832 three of its largest branches were cleft from the trunk, but they were afterwards braced and bolted back in their original places. In 1860 it was again dismembered, when 150 rings were counted on one of the branches. In September, 1869, a limb, measuring three and a half feet in circumference, was blown off. And now, when preparations were being made to bestow upon its ancient frame decorative honors in commemoration of the National Centennial, this old monarch of the primeval forest, "a visible relic of the Indian Shawmut," has been totally destroyed.

THE PULPITS OF ANTWERP.

SURPRISING puzzles are the pulpits of Antwerp as well as those of Ghent and Bruges. In them you find marble and oak so wedded by the cunning of art that it is difficult to say whether the oak grew out of the marble, or the marble, in a liquid state, was poured over the oak and molded into shape. Sometimes an oak-tree throws its branches about a marble shrine wherein the preacher stands surrounded by a whole menagerie. Birds and beasts perch on the balustrade, with the strutting cock at the top of all. Perhaps the little ones who sit

under the drippings of these particular sanctuaries resolve in their minds that "this is the cock" as well as the "cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat," all of whom are immortalized on the premises. The Calvary at St. Paul's, which is entered from the street of the Black Sisters, is one of the curiosities of Antwerp, and perhaps one of the most interesting religious novelties in this part of Europe. Within the court adjoining the church, once the cloister of a Dominican monastery, a path leads to an artificial grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The whole side of the church is covered with bits of rock and slag, and white statues of saints, angels, prophets and patriarchs peer out from rustic niches with faces full of agony and dust. The dead Christ lies within the sepulchre; white angels watch over the place as they have watched for more than two centuries. Children stand up and look in upon the motionless figure of the Redeemer that is scarcely visible for the deep and profound shadows that are never lifted from the mimic tomb; birds hover about the court as they always do; birds must be religious, they are so fond of these old churches.—*Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Gretna Green Register.

It is said that a legal firm in Carlisle has offered for sale the original Gretna Green register of marriages. It will doubtless soon find a purchaser, as curiosity-hunters cannot but value such an unique volume, although its proper place would be a case in some antiquarian museum. There is hardly a page in the volume but could furnish the basis for a romance, not one of the milk-and-water affairs now in vogue, but full of real life and interest.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

By Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and by Lady Temple, on the 27th of December, at Alipore, a suburban region of Calcutta, was one of the most agreeable episodes of the Royal Visit to India. In Alipore is Belvedere House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Belvedere stands on the site, and has included in it some of the actual structure, of Warren Hastings's "Garden House." A large party of the *élite* of Calcutta was invited to meet His Royal Highness in the beautiful park of Belvedere. The grounds as the Prince entered therein, just at dusk, were brilliantly illuminated with cordons and festoons of lamps, sparkling amidst the wealth of foliage. Sir William Temple, for the entertainment of his Royal guest, had brought from the confines of the north-eastern frontier of India a bery of representatives of the wild Naga tribes, who are at present giving some trouble to the British authorities. The men were fine, stalwart fellows; the women ugly and puny. The dress of the former chiefly consisted of fantastic ornaments, sticking up from their heads; the women were girt from waist to mid-leg in horse-blankets. They exhibited a curious native dance, something like the English country-dance; but the music was fantastic, and the step was grotesque. Then two Naga warriors, stuck all over with tasseled porcupine quills, and each carrying a leathern buckler and a formidable hatchet like a chopper, sprang into the arena, and went through the pantomime of single combat. To these succeeded Naga javelin-men, carrying long, cruel spears, with shields of wicker-work, topped by feathers; and the fury and agility with which, to the exciting strains of martial music, they dispatched hordes of imaginary enemies, constituted a spectacle not to be described. On the 4th of January, the Prince of Wales left Calcutta for Bankipore, and thence went on to Benares, the most holy city of the Hindoos, who call it the "Lotus of the World," and believe that it does not belong to the earth at all, but is perched upon one of the prongs of Shiva's trident. On the 5th of January, the Prince visited the two principal temples of Benares, the Golden Temple—a marvel of intricately-sculptured walls—and the Monkey Temple. This Temple is remarkable for a whole colony of Durga monkeys, which are held most sacred by the Hindoos, and which are maintained by the offerings of the visitors, who always bring a supply of parched peas and sweetmeats to feed them with. The monkeys are very tame, and hold out their hands for food, though peace does not always reign even among sacred monkeys, and the bigger and stronger ones get the lion's share. The mother monkeys run about with their babies clasped tightly to their breasts. One venerable monkey is represented shaking hands fraternally with an officer in the suite of the British Prince; as if wishing to express sympathetic recognition of the fellow-countryman of Darwin, and emphatic approval of Darwin's theory of evolution.

THE LIONS, TIGERS AND PANTHERS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S COLLECTION

In Regent's Park Gardens, London, were moved in the second week of January from their old lodgings, in the familiar range of barred dens underneath the raised central terrace, to the spacious building lately constructed on the western side of the gardens, near the pheasants' and peacocks' aviaries, beyond the abode of the deer and oxen. The animals were enticed into a movable den or cage, placed close to the opened sliding-door of their old permanent dwelling; and, when thus secured, it was easy for the keepers to convey each beast, in its portable cage, to the new house across the gardens, where it soon entered the chamber designed for its occupation.

THE RECENT HEAVY SNOWFALL IN NAVARRE Vastly increased the painful difficulties of the military escorts which had to conduct trains from one point to another in the region where the war is still raging between Carlists and Alfonsists. The cut shows a train passing under hostile fire, and along a route blocked up and hidden by snow, on the way from Oteiza to Mount Esquinza.

THE ABBOT'S RIPTON COLLISION

On the great Northern Railway, on January 21st, was one of the most terrible railway disasters which have ever occurred in England. During a dark and stormy night, in a blinding snowstorm, which it is said affected the working of the signals, and certainly must have greatly obscured them, a coal-train was shunting at Abbot's Ripton, near Huntingdon, when the Scotch express coming up at a fearful pace dashed into the trucks in the rear, shattering the carriages, upsetting the engine, and blocking both lines with debris, and seriously injuring many of the passengers. At this time, it is thought, no one had been killed outright, but in a few minutes, while those who had escaped injury were assisting the wounded out of the carriages, the Leeds down express dashed into the piled-up wreck of the two trains, and thus added to the disastrous effects of the accident. Thirteen persons were killed, and more than twenty very seriously hurt. Amongst those who lost their lives were two young men of great promise—a son of Mr. Dion Bouicault, and a son of the late Mr. Noble, the sculptor. Some very narrow escapes are recorded, and the details of the sufferings of those who escaped with life are heartrending. The first of our two engravings gives a general view of the scene of the accident, and the second represents the raising of the engine from the wrecked train.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—THOMAS O. SHAW, a '49-er, has been appointed a Centennial Commissioner by the California State Agricultural Society.

—It has been decided that the erection of a Missouri State Building would be impracticable, hence ample space has been secured elsewhere for the large amount of exhibits already collected.

—A CENTENNIAL NATIONAL BANK has been founded, and a building will at once be placed under contract at a point easy of access from the Exhibition Grounds and outside.

—EIGHT groups of enormous works of statuary, in wax, are being prepared in Schenectady.

—THE Japanese Chief of Installation reached the Grounds last week.

—MODELS of fishing-smacks of the various builds from the year 1800 to the present time are being made for the tanks of the fish department.

—AUTHORITY has been given by the Massachusetts Humane Society to its Standing Committee to prepare for the Exhibition a model of the life-boat presented the Association by the Royal National Life-boat Organization of Great Britain.

—THE Rhode Island Senate voted \$10,000 to the Exhibition last week.

—PRESIDENT GRANT signed the Congressional Bill appropriating \$1,500,000 to the Exhibition with a quill made from the feather of an eagle. Auction sales of this pen are now in order in all sections of the country.

—A MAP of Massachusetts is being prepared, by order of the Board of Education of Boston, which, by a system of colors and symbols, will show the location and grade of every library and educational institution in the State.

—A TRIPLE arch, symbolic of Spanish industry and progress, with a female figure on the summit representing Spain in the act of discovering the Western Hemisphere to the assembled nations, is to be erected in the Main Building at the entrance to the Spanish Department.

—MR. FRANK LESLIE has succeeded in securing space of the United States Commission for a Boys' Department, in which the inventions and ingenious handiwork of boys only will be displayed.

—THE ladies of New York are inviting subscriptions for a \$5,000 silk banner bearing the arms of the city in elaborate embroidery, to be exhibited in the Woman's Department, and after the Exhibition, placed in Independence Hall.

—AN antique mosaic from the ruins of Carthage, and known among the savans of Tunis as "The Mosaic Lion," is being packed for shipment.

—A BALL is to be given in Music Hall on the 24th by the Centennial Committee of Boston, to aid the display of local interests.

—THE Rowing Club of Portland, Me., have chosen a crew for the big regatta.

—No object relating to its late war with Prussia will be admitted in the French Departments.

—THE granite pedestal for the Humboldt statue has been shipped from Richmond, Va., and the monument itself will soon be packed at Berlin.

—THE hanging of pictures in the Memorial Hall will begin on the 1st of April, and it is thought the work will consume about six weeks.

—A WOMAN's Centennial Committee was formed in Albany last week, and a resolution was adopted asking the co-operation of the women of New York State in sending a State flag to the Woman's Hall at the Exposition, to serve as a testimonial of their appreciation of the efforts the Philadelphia ladies are making to bring together the works of women throughout the world. Any surplus funds accumulated are to go to the preservation of Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, February 14th.—SENATE.—Mr. Sergeant presented petitions for aid in behalf of Texas and Pacific Railroad Company....Senate Bill on transportation of animals taken up, amended, debated and passed....Senate proceeded to consideration of Pinchback resolution, and Mr. Morton made an elaborate argument in favor of admitting applicant. House.—The Speaker presented letters in answer to calls for information, and legislative memorials for local improvements....A joint resolution of Maryland Legislature asking for erection of a fishway over the Great Falls of the Potomac and a memorial for appropriation to complete Washington Monument were introduced.

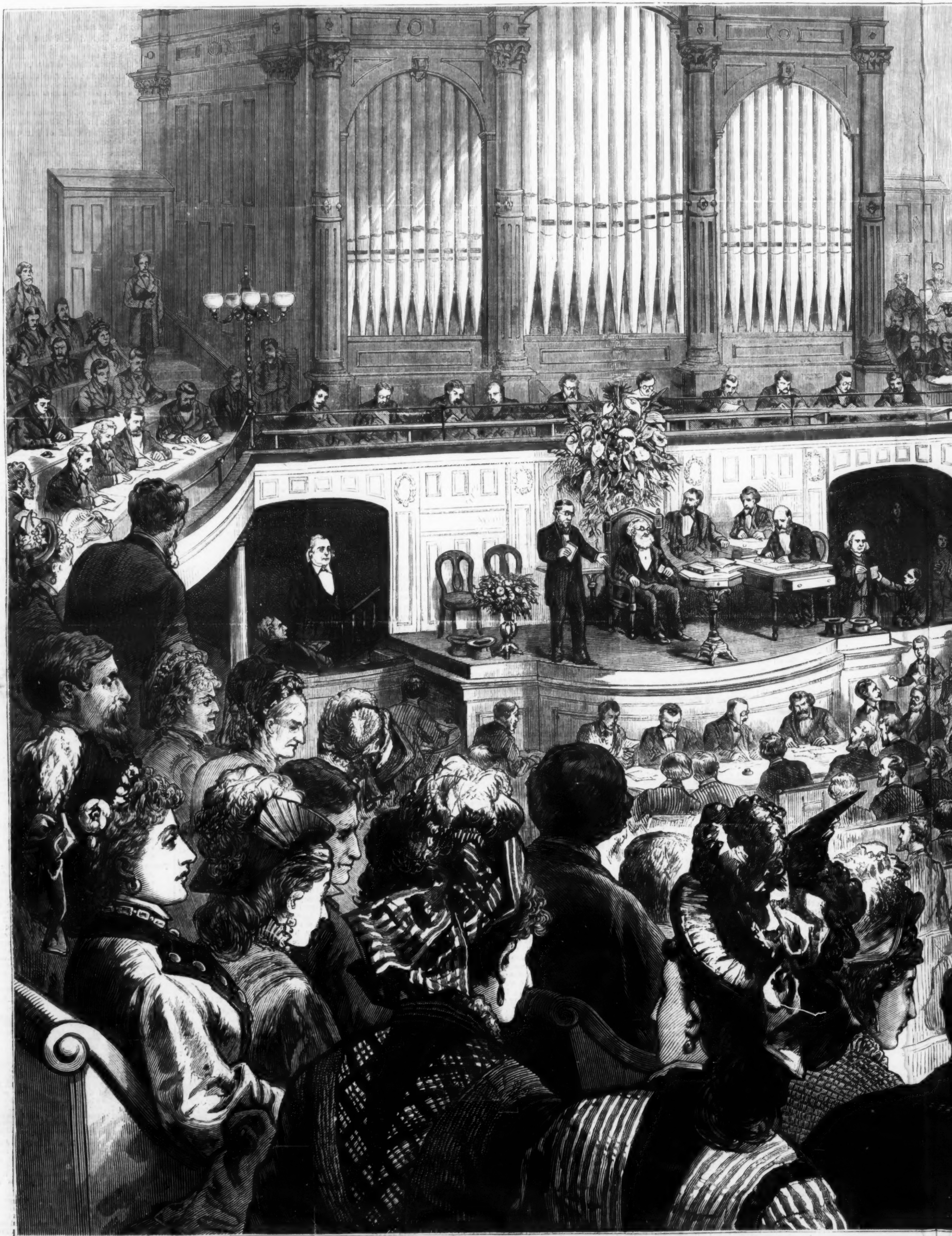
TUESDAY, February 15th.—SENATE.—The Pension Appropriation Bill was taken up, amended, debated and after a third reading passed....Bill on Public Lands in Southern States called up on amendment, and discussion interrupted by report of Conference Committee on the 3.65 bonds of the District of Columbia, which was laid over and ordered printed....Consideration of Public Lands Bill resumed, which, after further amendment, was read a third time and passed. House.—Letter received from Secretary of War asking passage of a separate Act appropriating \$500,000 for payment of troops for last fifteen days in June, 1875, and referred to Committee on Appropriation....An Amendment Bill providing for Surities of Indian Agents presented, ordered engrossed, read a third time, and passed....Fortifications Appropriation Bill passed same course.

WEDNESDAY, February 16th.—SENATE.—Joint resolution of California Legislature asking for transfer of management of Indian Affairs to War Department presented, and referred to Committee on Indian Affairs....Report of Conference Committee on District (3.65) bonds taken up and discussed until the hour of Executive Session. House.—Joint resolution of California Legislature on transfer of Indian Affairs to War Department presented, and referred to Committee on Indian Affairs....Bill to prohibit cutting of timber on Indian reservations discussed, and re-committed to Committee on Indian Affairs....House resolved itself into Committee of Whole to discuss Bill for admission of Colorado as a State, and after amendments Bill was passed....Bill for Reorganization of the Judiciary called up, amended and discussed to hour of adjournment....Leave of absence was granted the Speaker on account of ill-health.

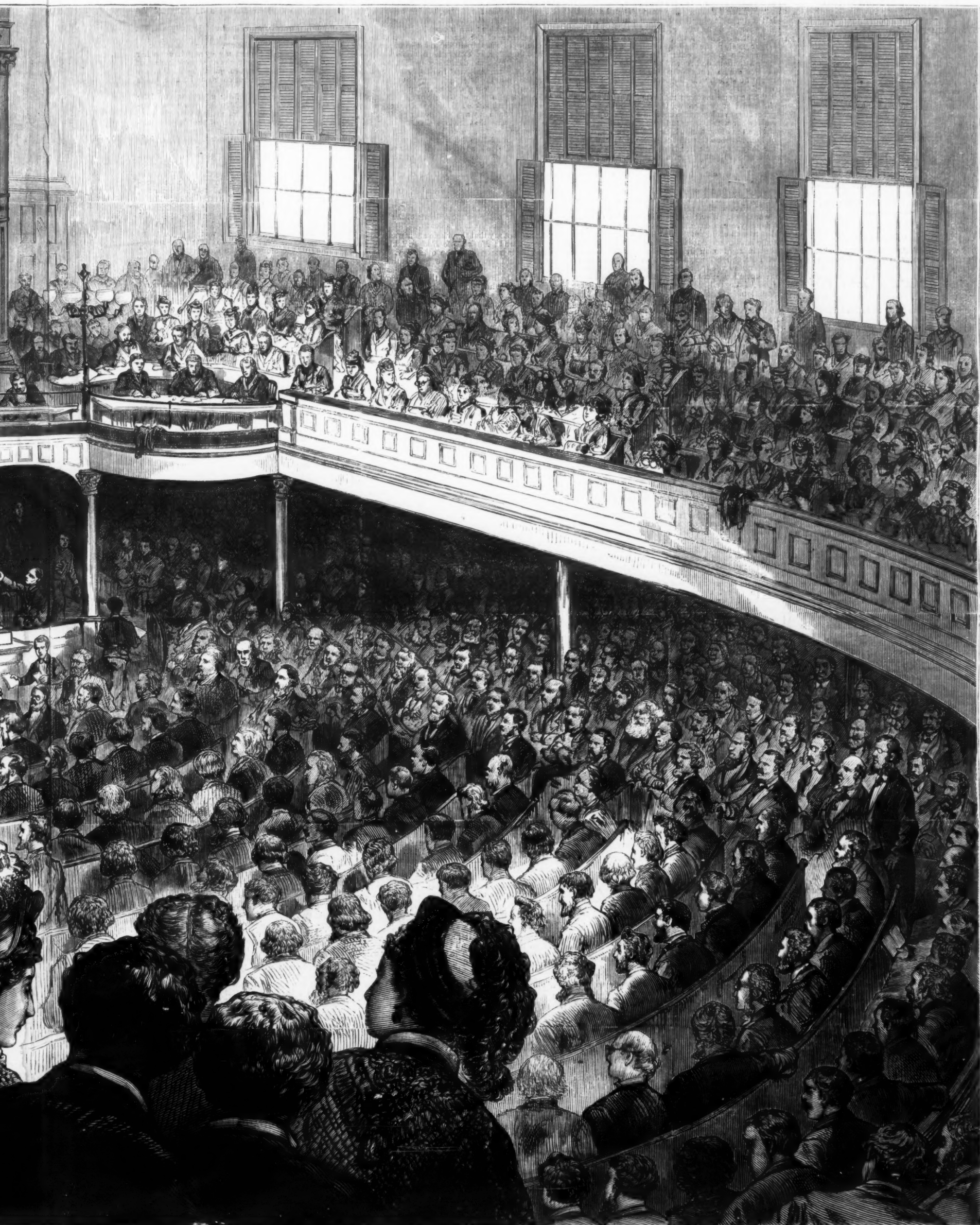
THURSDAY, February 17th.—SENATE.—Joint resolution on District (3.65) bonds re-committed to Committee on Conference....Bill for sale of certain timber lands taken up, amended, and pending discussion, Senate adjourned to the 21st. House.—The Speaker being absent, Mr. Cox, of New York, was chosen to preside temporarily.

FRIDAY, February 18th.—HOUSE.—A resolution declaring the 23d of February a national holiday adopted....Bill on reorganization of Judiciary taken up. Nineteen amendments were offered and four accepted, and pending vote ordering a third reading, the House adjourned.

SATURDAY, February 19th.—The House met in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Chittenden (N. Y.) spoke in favor of specie currency. Mr. Kelley (Pa.) for paper currency. Mr. Pierce (Mass.) for a six years' Presidential term and immediate ineligibility, and Mr. Townsend (Pa.) for the resumption of specie payment.



BROOKLYN, L. I.—MEETING, IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OF THE ADVISORY COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES—
OF THE MEETING, FEBRU



CHURCHES—THOMAS G. SHEARMAN MAKING A STATEMENT OF THE CASE OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ON THE SECOND DAY
NG, FEBRUARY 16TH.—SEE PAGE 415.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, AND THE PROSPECTS OF MANKIND.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"TIS said that Faith declines: believe it not. Faith grows and spreads. Faith in the happier lot of human kind; therefore, sweet Hope, in thee; And Faith in God's own climax, Charity. 'Tis strange that Christians should be found who hold Prospects in scorn by Christ Himself foretold. What was the song sung on this blessed night, When round the shepherds fell the golden light That held the angel, and he said 'Fear not'? What, but the promise of that happier lot Fit to bring angels down, as it did then, Of 'Peace on earth and good will towards men.'"

Cary of Hunsdon. THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PART III.

CHAPTER V.—CAST ASHORE.

WE were passing, as Dinsmore spoke, near a pond of water, sleeping between green banks, with its surface decorated by exquisite white waterlilies, in full bloom.

"That is beautiful, is it not?" said my companion.

"Very beautiful."

"There is only one thing to detract from it."

"What?"

"It is treacherous. These lovely lilies wave over one of the most dangerous quicksands in this region. A man and horse were swallowed up in that pretty spot last year. But let me finish my narrative, Cary. The last scene was in church—the next will suggest a police-court."

"Having become Mrs. Dinsmore, mademoiselle promptly retired from the stage, and proposed that, after a brief lovers' journey through the storied scenes of Italy, we should repair to my 'castle' in England for our permanent residence. To the Italian project I assented—to the English part I demurred. Why should we bury our young loves in the fogs of the dull island of my birth? I urged; why not live and enjoy ourselves in sunny France? Madame's reply went straight to the point, for she was eminently a woman of business. Sunny France was no longer her country, she said; her home was now at 'Dinsmore Castle,' as she was 'Milady Dinsmore'; and to the castle in question she proposed, on our return from Italy, to promptly repair. The discussion was a little heated, and some unamiable expressions were used, I think, both on Madame's part and my own. But the squall blew over; the decision was deferred; we set out for Italy; and here we spent a year, traveling in considerable splendor from city to city."

"At the end of the year I was completely disenchanted with Madame. She had a fashion of cooing when she spoke which charmed all who heard it; but under the coo was the tigress's claw—or, in less metaphorical language, a vile temper. This trait was at times truly infernal. I am not a nervous individual, very far from it, and I have been thought not deficient in courage by those who know me. Well, I declare to you that sometimes I grew quite afraid of Madame—having visions of awaking some morning with a nail driven through my temple by Madame Jael; or of ending my career abruptly after partaking of some beverage or edible prepared by the fair hands of Mrs. Dinsmore. Another circumstance also annoyed me not a little. Madame was eaten up by love of admiration, and tolerated compromising attentions from that drifting scum of counts without countships, majors without commands, and blacklegs generally, floating to and fro from one capital in Europe to another. Against this I remonstrated—her reply was a laugh. I protested against the laughter—it grew louder and more defiant. I expressed my 'wishes' with brevity and distinctness as to a continuation of these objectionable attentions which more than once had made Mrs. Dinsmore the target of gossip and scandal. The expression of my wishes was followed by a more open, undisguised and defiant disregard of my request."

"A wretched subject to thus dwell upon—is it not, Cary? But I have promised to tell you all. Even this was not all. A last subject of dissension was Madame's wild expenditure, not only in the gratification of the least caprice, for the purchase of the most costly jewels and wardrobes—this I might have remained indifferent to—but the rage for play had taken possession of her. On our arrival in every city, the fashionable gaming-houses, frequented at that time by persons of both sexes and the highest position, were Madame's first resort; and here, with her fair shoulders bared before the scum of titled adventurers and blacklegs, she laughed, jested, distributed fascinating glances, and lost such enormous sums, that at last I woke one morning to the conviction that I was being ruined."

"I told Madame so. She tossed her head, and said that it really appeared incredible to her that a person calling himself a *grand seigneur*, with vast revenues, should be thus easily ruined. I replied that I had never styled myself a *grand seigneur*, nor asserted that my revenues were vast. I had intimated as much, was her response—had led her to believe so. Had I said so? Perhaps not. A confiding woman knew not how to deal with any save with 'un homme d'honneur.' At this, I must say, my anger got the better of me, and I spoke with a plainness to Madame of which she had hitherto had no experience. I was a gentleman, I said. I had married a woman of the stage. I did not design to taunt her with her former profession, and alluded to it with no such design; but I meant to inform Madame that she must remember thereafter what was due to her position as my wife—that her compromising relations with persons of every character, and no character, must cease—and that she must control her passion for play at the public gaming-tables, which no revenue under those of a royal prince could sustain. She positively glared at me, as I thus spoke, Cary—I go back to the comparison of the tigress—but she was afraid to spring. She drew a long breath, looked sidewise at me—and asked why I did not take her to Dinsmore Castle, as I objected so to the Continent? The resort was rude! Madame had dismounted the artillery with which I had opened fire upon her. I recoiled with inexpressible repugnance from the idea of introducing this French playing-girl, from the boards of Paris, as my wife, to my family in England. The thought, above all, that my little Jean would be compelled to regard her as a mother, disgusted me utterly; and, all that I here say, Madame knew perfectly—hence her intimation that if the Continent were so dangerous, 'Dinsmore Castle' might be safer. Well, I was

too much dumfounded to reply. The interview ended, and, to make a long story short, the lady's proceedings became worse than ever."

"I endured this for some time. Then I abruptly left Italy, taking her back with me to Paris, where she seemed quite willing, indeed, to go. I soon knew why. The gaming there was on an even larger scale; she had a hundred old admirers among the gilded youth, who hastened to lavish their attentions on her, and at last the dénouement of the drama came—the drama which I think might be styled, 'The Forbearing Husband and his Wife.'"

"When one morning Madame informed me that she had lost twenty-five thousand francs on the preceding evening, and would be obliged if I would supply her with a thousand pounds sterling to discharge the obligation, which I must see was a debt of honor—when this request was made, I informed the lady that the amount at my banker's was too moderate to justify me in doing so, and I must, therefore, decline. She requested me to repeat what I had said. I repeated it. She then demanded, her face white with passion, whether I considered myself a gentleman and a man of honor? I responded that I had generally been regarded as such. Well, would I send her the thousand pounds? I would not. Would I cease or would I continue this petty, mean, *canaille-like* conduct to a lady? At that word I could not forbear from smiling, and the smile lashed her into the wildest rage I have ever seen in any human being. She overwhelmed me with French billingsgate, and never have I heard anything so vile. I remained perfectly quiet until the storm had spent its force, then, my turn having come, I begged Madame to give me her close attention. I would proceed with her to England at once, I said, and regretted that I had not done so before. One reason had been the sore disappointment which must be the result when she found that I was only a private gentleman of moderate possessions, living in a quiet, rural neighborhood where she must find time hanging like lead upon her hands. To this retreat we would now, however, repair. Meanwhile, I no longer requested, but *exacted*, that Madame should cease to receive the visits of her former admirers, which caused her to be talked about, and should altogether abstain from play—two things which I swore to her upon my honor I would not tolerate for one instant longer. Having said thus much, I left the room."

"Shall I come straight to the sequel, Cary? I had been intrusted by a young nobleman of my acquaintance in Italy with about five thousand pounds sterling, in gold, to convey to Paris, and thence to London, which I expected to visit. The London visit had been deferred from week to week, and, meanwhile, as there was no haste, my friend had informed me, I kept the gold with me, locking it securely in a small casket, which I deposited in its turn in a heavy iron-bound traveling-trunk, securely locked."

"Well, on the day after the conversation of which I have just spoken, Madame drove out—and did not return. I awaited her until after midnight, but she did not make her appearance. The next day passed—no Madame. Then the flight of the poor persecuted creature was no longer a mere surmise; and, overwhelmed with grief, I proceeded to her chamber, which was separated from my own, to inspect her *armoire* and caskets. Not a jewel, not an object above the value of five pounds remained! I was charmed, I must say, at her disappearance—a delightful incident and most soothing to my feelings. I laughed; suddenly a sort of chill ran through me. In one corner of the apartment I saw the large traveling-trunk containing the casket and the five thousand pounds standing open. I hastened to it; there was the casket, which I seized. It had been wrenched open with some sharp instrument, and the five thousand pounds was gone! As I ascertained afterwards, Madame had entered my chamber while I was asleep, taken the key of the trunk from the pocket of my coat on a chair near the bed—the key of the casket I wore night and day attached to a slight steel chain round my neck beneath my linen—then she had stolen cautiously and without waking me had unlocked the trunk, wrenched open the casket, fished its rich contents, and had disappeared; a bird of bright plumage escaped from its stern jailer; not to be caged in dull 'Dinsmore Castle'; no longer subject to the unmanly taunts and tyranny of a harsh and cruel mate, but free! free! free!—surrounded by admirers, with the gaming-tables of Europe before her—and with the pretty little sum of five thousand pounds sterling under the fair bird's wings!"

"Such was the termination, dear Cary, of my matrimonial career in Europe with your fair acquaintance, Madame la Baronne de Rudysael!"

CHAPTER VI.—IN THE ABRUZZI.

"I HAVE said," Dinsmore went on, "that the disappearance of Madame was most agreeable to my feelings, and when a wife's desertion of her husband results in sensations so pleasant, the presumption is unavoidable that the parties are not happily married—is it not? I was wretchedly mated; drank duly of the cup I had poured out for myself, and came to the dregs glad beyond expression that there was no more to drain; but I did not regard with equal pleasure the loss of my friend's five thousand pounds sterling! Determined to effect its recovery if possible without publicity or scandal, I employed one of that estimable body—the detective police—to follow Madame's trail, as we say in wolf-hunting; and the result was that he had a private interview with her at Munich, where she was residing under an *alias*, in excellent quarters. My friend of the police was a gentleman of abundant nerve and varied resources, but he had found himself matched against an abler adversary than himself. He came back quite crestfallen. Madame, he declared, had laughed at him, treating him as an impertinent. The charge of theft was an *insult*, which, if he repeated it, she would make him rue! He was to return to his employer and inform that gentlemen that any further attempt to fix a dishonorable charge upon a lady of her position would be at his peril!"

"Admire, dear Cary, the nerve of the ex-actress. It was superb, for the evidence of the theft was so plain and unanswerable, that I had only to lodge a formal charge with the police to procure her arrest, and have her delivered up for trial in the French courts. I was at a loss what course to pursue. I did not wish to abandon to Madame so considerable a sum which I was bound to repay, and I did not care to prosecute her, so I placed her under *surveillance*, hoping that something would occur leading to the restitution of the sum, or at least a part of it."

"The result of this was singular, and, I must say, very unlooked-for. My agent followed the fair lady from place to place, incessantly keeping his eye upon her. She attempted vainly to elude him. From Munich she went to Vienna, where, riding in her calash on the Prater, she turned her head and saw her friend of the police watching her. She went to Berlin, and, walking under the Linden, touched him as she passed. At Florence, in the Palazzo Pitti, a well-known stranger was

near her, sharing in Madame's art enthusiasm; and at Rome the lights borne by her guides to display the midnight impressiveness of the Colosseum fell upon the familiar figure, hidden behind a butters. Well, this at last, it seems, grew tiresome, then insupportable: the incessant and ever-recurring presence of the same calm figure with the watchful eyes was worse than the nightmare. That she was thus dogged everywhere, under directions from myself, Madame could not doubt; and to rid herself of this unmanly and harassing persecution, the poor creature, driven to desperation, yielding to a paroxysm of rage and despair, committed suicide."

"Never was a lady of more fruitful imagination and abundant resources. What I learned one morning in Paris from my agent, who had just arrived from Italy, was that he had followed her from Rome to Naples, thence to the wildest portion of the Abruzzi, and here he had suddenly been met by the intelligence that she had fallen a victim to a fever contracted from the miasma of the Pontine Marshes some time before. Her courier and servant, who had watched over her to the last, were bewailing her when my agent arrived; showed him her grave with a headboard upon it, inscribed in Italian, 'Here lies Madame Dinsmore, an English lady'; and, to prove all this, my man produced the certificate of the public officials of the little village to the fact of the lady's death."

"I need not say that the whole affair was a sham, my dear friend; Madame de Rudysael kindly explained the mystery to me the other day. Finding that she could not escape the persecution of my agent of the police without resorting to some daring device, she had hit upon the plan adopted by some animals when they are hunted, of feigning death. Knowing that she would be followed to the Abruzzi in due time, and dogged as before, she bribed an old peasant of the mountains, at whose hut she had stopped, grew suddenly ill, sank rapidly, and a *coffin* was soon interred containing the last remains of the poor English lady. She then escaped under cover of darkness, rejoined her equipage in the mountains, and went merrily on her way—the bird of bright plumage free at last, and no longer in danger of unmanly persecution! When my agent arrived, it was to hear that the bird was dead and buried—to be shown her tombstone—and this fact was duly notified to me, as I have said, at Paris—certified to by the village officials, who were no wiser than my friend of the police."

"So ended, as I thought, my wretched union with Madame. I returned to England, repaid the five thousand pounds, and then began to revolve in my mind what I should do in the future. My character was completely changed. Life had lost all its illusion. First had come the agony at the loss of my dear Jean, then the wearing, harassing, humiliating experiences of my second marriage. The result of this last union had been to fill me with a profound contempt for women, for in my soured condition I foolishly ranked all with this one; and I had no longer the nerve to grasp after the prizes of energy and ambition. I longed for change of scene—something to make me forget my grief and disgust. So I took my little Jean and came to Virginia, of which all my recollections were pleasant. Whilst Private Secretary to Governor Fauquier, I had passed by Dungeonnesse and admired the tranquil beauty of its surroundings. I now visited the proprietor of the estate, and offered him a large price for it; he accepted my proposal, and I became a good Virginian, as I expect to live and die, for I have alienated my lands in England and invested the money in London securities."

"So much for my life in the Old World. I gladly turned my back upon it. I came here with my old servants, my old family pictures, my old books, my very old fox-hounds, and 'set up my rest' in the New World of the West. I was not afraid of being lonely. I had my daughter, who had grown to be a woman almost, and upon her I concentrated all my thoughts. She had received an excellent education—what she lacked I have myself taught her, finding in my lessons a delightful resource against ennui or depressing recollections. It may excite your surprise that you have never seen her until to-day, but the fact, singular as it may appear, is easily explained. Jean resembles her mother. Her temperament is retiring. With extremely warm affections, and great force of character, she is not at all expansive, very fond of reading, without taste for gossip or general society, and devoted to her flowers and home pursuits. All this I knew well, and promptly acquiesced in her wish that she should not be compelled to go into society. This, however, was a difficult matter. The Virginians are so social, that to avoid their society is to seem to dislike it. There was but one course to pursue—to avoid any mention ever of her presence at Dungeonnesse, for the present, at least—and this plan was resorted to. It was not difficult. I scarce went anywhere, and received no visitors. My servants were English, and had no intercourse with the black servants of the neighborhood. So Jean was enabled to indulge her wishes, and to live with her flowers and books undisturbed."

Dinsmore's face had grown soft, and the light in his eyes as he spoke of his daughter was exquisitely mild and sweet. I had never before seen that peculiar expression, and it more than ever endeared the man to me. Then all at once I said to myself: "I am deceiving him!" The result was, that I said: "I have seen your daughter before, my dear Dinsmore—before to-day."

"Seen her? Where?"

"Asleep."

"I then related the incident of my former visit, when I was led from picture to picture, and caught the glimpse of the sleeping beauty through the half-opened door."

"I need scarcely say that it was a mere glimpse," I added, "and the result of pure accident. I retired at once, and should have mentioned the incident to you when you appeared—but the young lady seemed to be your secret, my dear friend; and I did not wish you to think me a prying or intrusive person."

"I could never think any such thing, my dear Cary," Dinsmore said, "and nothing was more natural than your exploration of a picture-gallery in the house of a supposed bachelor. So you saw Jean three years since—well, you have seen her again to-day, and must be her friend if anything happens to me. Life is uncertain."

"Her friend!"—the word made my face color, I think, and my heart beat. I replied quietly, however, that the young lady should never want a friend and protector as long as I lived; and Dinsmore then seemed to dismiss the subject; his mind plainly went back to the less agreeable subject of Madame de Rudysael, for I saw the mild expression of his eyes disappear, and his face again grew stern and harsh."

"Let me finish now with my dear dead second wife," he said; "we are neglecting her."

CHAPTER VII.—THE END OF DINSMORE'S NARRATIVE.

"I ONLY discovered the other day," Dinsmore continued, "what a farce the whole affair in the Abruzzi had been. I was seated in my

library, reading, when a coach appeared, coming up the hill; it stopped in front of the house, and a lady got out. A moment afterwards my servant informed me that the Baroness de Rudysael had called to see me."

"I did not know any Baroness de Rudysael, but entered the drawing-room to receive her. You may fancy the profound emotion and astonishment which I experienced when my eyes fell upon her face. I do not believe in ghosts or *revenants*, but there was a *dead woman* quietly seated in my drawing-room, come in her coach and four to make a morning call."

"A detailed account of our interview would be unprofitable, and I must add, would too greatly disgust me. Let me speak of Madame briefly now. Her face wore an expression of the deepest sadness; the ex-actress had no difficulty in commanding her countenance and her voice. She plaintively informed me that I had been the victim of 'une petite ruse' in the little affair of the Abruzzi Mountains; that having been harassed to the point of desperation by monsieur my agent of police, she had considered a counterplot justifiable; had proceeded to effect her end; had feigned sickness, feigned death, feigned burial, and so escaped from her persecutor. Having made this explanation with deep sadness, Madame proceeded to the discussion of the question of morals involved in her abstraction of the five thousand pounds, which she frankly acknowledged. Was it kind to regard the appropriation of the money in the light of a robbery? She was my wife; was about to rid me of the expense of her maintenance to which the law entitled her; she knew that I could easily repay the sum, and so she had simply availed herself of it, without notifying me, in order to avoid an angry scene, a heartburning collision; was she so very criminal in that? Then, as sadly and sweetly as before, Madame proceeded to give me an account of her subsequent proceedings—true of course! The five thousand pounds, and the money derived from the sale of her jewels, had enabled her to live in modest comfort for a long time. And during these years she had become much changed. She had doubted whether her conduct towards me had been altogether proper; she had been wayward, had had that unfortunate passion for admiration and play; had justly irritated me, no doubt; but now she had repented. She gave up play and every species of society, retired to a lady's pension, lived quietly; and would have continued thus to live, leaving me ignorant of her unhappy existence, had not her money given out. She was then compelled to labor for a living, but shrank from the thought of going on the stage again. She found a resource in teaching at a little town in Germany, and here by strict economy, she laid up some money, her fixed design being to seek me out, tell me of her repentance, and implore my forgiveness. Having secured means to travel, she had then repaired to England in search of me; had found that I had retired to Virginia; had taken passage for Virginia—and duly arrived. Her coach, her servants, her title of baroness? How did she explain all this? The explanation was very easy. She did not wish to resume my name, and chose the first which came into her mind. She had selected a title which I knew was a very great convenience in traveling; and her coach and servants, all brought over in the ship, had the same end—to protect a solitary woman traveling by herself from intrusion. As a poor governess, with some pretensions to beauty still (here Madame smiled bashfully, Cary!) she would be in danger of insult; as Madame la Baronne de Rudysael, traveling in her coach, with her retinue, she was quite safe. That was all her sad story. Would I not forgive her; overlook all the past; believe in her deep repentance; be the noble man I was; endow her once again with the wealth of my noble affection, and—take her back?"

"My dear friend," continued Dinsmore, whose stern face had grown sarcastic, "there is this great difference between a man who is in love with a woman and a man who is not, that the first is fooled easily, the last with very great difficulty. Let me add that a peculiarity of my character is not to be able to resume my respect and esteem for persons who have deliberately forfeited them. I can forgive easily—I do not forget. My opinion of individuals is like a porcelain vase—crack it from top to bottom, and though you may put the pieces together again, you cannot restore it. I knew this woman perfectly, and knew that every coaxing intonation of her voice, every glance of her eye, every sad accent, was a *lie*. She was an actress by nature, and was simply carrying her profession into private life. I will tell you soon how I discovered that she was even worse than I thought her. When she paused, therefore, in her discourse, and wiped away a tear, I said with perfect calmness, 'What amount do you demand, Madame?' She raised her head quickly. What did I mean? I informed her succinctly; stated my disbelief of her entire narrative; informed her that between reinstating her as my wife and blowing out my brains, I should rather prefer the latter course, and then reiterated my question in the very same words 'What amount do you demand, Madame?'"

"One glance at my face evidently convinced her that her game had been played. The old familiar expression of mademoiselle the actress, when in a rage, came wonderfully back. I saw the glare of the eye and the quick contraction of the lips, under which the small white teeth were set together. Then she threw off all further disguise, and a charming scene ensued, in which Madame took the word, and I listened. Yes, it was true, she said, that her repentance was all 'a comedy,' but I should find that the matter was more serious. She would publicly assert her claim as my lawful wife unless I made it *worth her while* to keep silent and leave Virginia—yes, that was her purpose in coming. My response again was, 'Well, Madame, what do you demand? I have understood all this from the moment that you began your discourse.'"

"Let me end this account of my interview with this woman, my dear friend. The subject turns my stomach. I duly purchased her. It was a purely business transaction. I paid so much money to avoid so much annoyance—delivered the amount to her in bank-notes, and engaged to place a fixed amount to her credit yearly in London. In return, she engaged not to resume my name, to leave America, and not to again cross my path or recall to me the fact that she was in existence. After this she rose, made me an exaggerated courtesy, which her sarcastic smile interpreted, and, getting into her coach, set out for Williamsburg. Half an hour after her departure my servant brought me a letter which must have been dropped by the lady, he said, as he had found it at the spot where she got into her coach. When we return, I will show it to you; but that will be useless, as I can repeat the few words contained in it. It bears the seal of the English Foreign Office, is in the handwriting of the Foreign Secretary, with which I am acquainted, and is addressed to General Howe. This innocent little document, which I had the bad-breeding to read, contained these words: 'General Sir William Howe.—The bearer, the Baroness de Rudysael, is a sure person, on whom you may rely for energy and activity in the department of secret ser-

vice.' A spy, you see; and you may ask me why she should not be at once arrested. I reply, that it is a delicate matter to imprison a lady of madame's rank who has done nothing! Let her be stopped at the lines—that disarms her, and prevents a scandal.

"To finish, madame's visit to me to-day was to receive from me a paper for exhibition to my London banker certifying that she was the person entitled to receive the annuity. She surprised Jean in the drawing-room; I entered, gave her the paper without mentioning the discovery of the letter, which I thought rather too quixotic, and at this moment you made your appearance."

CHAPTER VIII.—A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

WE rode back slowly through the gathering shades of evening. The sun had set, and only a faint light touched the sky in the west, which had assumed a tint of tender and exquisite green. The fields of Spring were dimly seen, half veiled in twilight. The birds were going to sleep, the air was perfectly still, and you might have fancied that Nature, after her long day's work, was folding her hands with a smile before taking her rest.

The influence of the sweet scene seemed to affect Dinsmore, whose face lost its harshness, and grew quiet and a little sad.

"You see," he said, with a furtive, somewhat sorrowful smile, "I am not to change my condition, dear Cary. I cannot marry Honoria, for whom I have the sincerest affection, and Jean will still be alone in my big house. So be it; since Providence so decrees, it must be right. I have the habit of regarding my blessings rather than my losses. I lose the companionship of a woman whom I sincerely love, but at least I have my little Jean."

We were soon at Dungeonnesse again, and as though any further concealment of herself were quite unnecessary, Miss Jean Dinsmore was in the drawing-room, seated beside the open window, from which she rose as we entered, coming forward with an air of great simplicity to receive us. She did not impress me as shy. Her manner was quiet, but very frank and natural. A life of solitude, in taking from her the air of a young lady accustomed to society, had left her naturalness and a confiding sweetness which seemed to regard the whole world as a friend.

The young lady presided at the tea-table with the same air of simplicity, and what I can only call thorough breeding. You feel this latter always, though you may not be able to define in what it consists, unless it be avoiding what is wrong, and doing what is right in little details of manners, as in grand questions of morals.

After tea the evening was spent upon the long portico. Do we not always go back to a few particular scenes which impressed themselves so powerfully upon our minds or hearts that they rise like mountain peaks above the lower ranges, lost in the mists of oblivion—peaks which catch and hold the golden light, casting from the far past to the present the long shadows of memory? This evening on the portico at Dungeonnesse was one of these scenes of my life, and I recall it as distinctly as though it had been yesterday. Jean Dinsmore was leaning back in one of those chairs with oval backs and curved arms, called afterwards *Voltaire's*, and had assumed what seemed to be her favorite attitude—her hands clasped and resting on her lap, her head inclined towards her breast, her eyes rising and opening suddenly, as it were, when she spoke. She wore a dress of fawn color, open in front and laced with silken cords over a snow-white chemise of very rich lace. Around her neck was a little delicate lace collar, which was charmingly contrasted with the faint rose-tint of her throat, and in her profuse brown hair, carried back from the temples, and falling in glossy curls behind, a string of pearls was woven. The mild and subdued light of the wax candles in the drawing-room fell upon her face through the tall windows standing open in the mild May evening. I could observe thus every detail of her appearance—the white forehead, the deep blue eyes with very long lashes, and perfectly arched eyebrows, the nose a little prominent but delicately and firmly outlined, and the mouth full of frankness and candor, above the round chin. I have outlined thus the fair face and figure; but what are such outlines worth? They are the catalogue simply of a gallery of pictures by the masters!

Night had descended now, and the stars twinkled faintly. From the far depths came the hoarse note of the night-bat, and from the river was heard the sweet and mournful cry of the whippoorwill. All at once a fire seemed kindled behind a hill, clothed with pines, towards the east; the light deepened and seemed to rise; a flush invaded the summits of the trees; and suddenly the great disk of the moon soared slowly upwards, flooding the whole world with its dreamy splendor, and falling upon the face of the girl at my side.

This was the scene, as well as I can paint it with these dull, colorless words. It is one of the richest treasures of my memory.

We sat enjoying the mild air until nearly midnight—for the Spring like the midsummer nights prompt to waking dreams. Dinsmore was nearly silent, uttering a few words only now and then; and the conversation was thus confined almost entirely to myself and my companion. She talked with the greatest frankness and simplicity, speaking naturally of the points of difference or of resemblance between England and Virginia. She had been happy, she declared, both in her former and in her present home. From this topic we passed to books, and I found that her reading had been far more varied and extensive than my own. I confess her light, passing comments upon books surprised me; they seemed to sum up the characteristic traits of the writers with the nicest discrimination. It is the fashion, I think, for men to regard the culture of women, above all of young women, as superficial and slight. I found that this girl of eighteen or nineteen was more cultivated, in the broad sense of the word, than the man of twenty-nine sitting beside her.

I am not painting the portrait of a female paragon; and Jean Dinsmore was not the least in the world what we now call a *blue-stocking*. She spoke naturally of books because her life had been passed with them; and do not let us call that unfortunate, good reader. Blessed is the man or the woman with a love for books. The dead still speak for them; and they are often better company than the living!

I did not lie awake thinking of the young girl that night, but when I awoke, a vague delight seemed to diffuse itself, like some subtle influence, through my frame. Why is it that joy or sorrow is keenest when we wake from sleep—the joy lighting up our whole being, the sorrow darkening the whole landscape? I have asked the physiologists and the philosophers, and they have never made me understand them. I woke with a vague charm, which I could not explain or define. Suddenly the explanation came—"I shall be at Dungeonnesse for a whole week, and shall see her every day!"

After breakfast, Dinsmore begged me to amuse

myself in the best manner possible, and, mounting his horse, rode in the direction of—Claremont. His face, a little pale, and very careworn, but quite composed, told me his errand. When he returned, some hours afterwards, the pallor had given way to an unwonted flush. I knew that he had seen Honoria, but never knew what passed between them. His only allusion to the subject was: "Well, all that dream is over, Cary; let us speak no further of it;" and during my entire visit he did not again speak of himself or of Honoria.

Shall I be candid, and say that I did not regret this? Human nature is a poor affair—we bury ourselves with our own matters, longings, hopes, wishes; and I was busy with the thought of Jean Dinsmore. I was in her society for many hours every day. She sat in the drawing-room with her sewing, which was evidently a great resource with her, and we talked of a thousand things; or she played on the harpsichord, singing in an exquisite voice her old rustic ballads of the West of England; or at twilight we strolled idly through the beautiful grounds—the chain binding me to her going ever stronger, the charm of her face and voice becoming hour by hour more thrilling. Once we went to sail in the sail-boat on James River; and I sat beside the girl in the prow, while Dinsmore, leaning back pensively in the stern, held the handle of the rudder, directing the course of the little craft which the wind blew onward, her outwater throwing up clouds of spray. The day was like a dream of beauty. The white-winged sea-fowl hovered over the surface, broken into sunny ripples. The far headlands swam in a delicate and exquisite vapor, and in the midst of this lovely scene I leaned back, looking at the rosy face and brown curls of Jean.

This was in May of the good year '76. About the middle of June, I returned to Dungeonnesse for a single night, intending to hasten on and rejoin my company, which was on the march to New York.

As I rode up the hill, just as the sun was setting, I remember what a fairyland the scene resembled. The most beautiful of the Virginia months had come to visit the world. The trees were clothed in deep green foliage; the turf was like green velvet; clumps of flowers in full bloom dotted the grounds; and the blue sky was flushed with gold, and full of darting swallows, whose gay chatter seemed to welcome me as I came.

My old friend, the gray-haired English servant, came to meet me, with a deferential salute; his master had ridden out, he said, but Miss Jean was at home; and the young lady promptly made her appearance.

If I had expected any blushes or "confusion," I was very much mistaken. Jean Dinsmore greeted me with the utmost cordiality, and showed the frankest pleasure at seeing me. Her father had ridden out, she said, and would not return probably until late in the evening. I must be hungry, after my ride; supper should be served at once; and the young lady proceeded to give an order to that effect, after which she returned to the drawing-room, with the same expression of frank pleasure in her face.

"I must be hungry!"—never had any idea seemed so absurd, or any word to jar so as this did on my romantic mood! *Hungry!* The very idea was farcical; but when supper was served, I found that Miss Jean Dinsmore was not so wide of the mark, after all! I did full justice to the savory meal, and then we went out to the familiar old portico—my cowardly heart shrinking at the thought of what I was about to mention, after so short an acquaintance.

I do not specially relish the recollections of that evening? There is something humiliating in being discarded, and nobody likes to recall such things—above all to relate them. Let me therefore record the simple fact that I poured forth the story of my adoration—proposed that Miss Jean Dinsmore should become Mrs. Cary, and had the mortification of being informed, in the most delicate, but also in the most distinct manner, by the young lady, that my sentiment in regard to herself was—not reciprocated!

"Indeed, it pains me, pains me deeply, to give you this answer, Mr. Cary," she said, in a low voice, full of sadness; "but it is better to be honest, and not deceive so true a friend as yourself—is it not? Papa loves you, and my own friendship for you is most sincere; let us remain good friends. You will not refuse me that?"

She frankly held out her hand, and I pressed it to my lips.

"At least I can love you! That will do you no harm!"

"You must not!" she murmured quickly, withdrawing her hand.

As she did so, the hoof-strokes of Dinsmore's horse were heard at fifty paces on the gravel, and he soon reached us, dismounted and greeted me warmly. A few words informed him of my destination, and, as Miss Jean soon retired, I had a long talk with him, after which we retired.

As my company was on the march, I was forced to set out at dawn, and Dinsmore breakfasted with me, after which I mounted my horse, held by a servant in front of the portico. With a cordial pressure of the hand, Dinsmore bade me good-speed, and I rode down the hill. I scarcely saw the objects around me, or heard the songs or the birds. What I saw was the sad face of a girl on an old portico—what I heard was the low murmur, "You must not!"

As I reached the great gate, I looked once over my shoulder at the long facade of the house—an inexpressible longing had taken possession of me.

It was gratified. At an upper window a white figure with tangled curls on the shoulders retreated quickly as I turned my head.

I had seen her for the last time for many a day!

(To be continued.)

TRIAL OF THE PYX;

OR, THE ANNUAL TEST OF GOLD AND SILVER COIN AT THE UNITED STATES MINT.

IN order to secure a due conformity in the gold and silver coins of the United States to their respective standards of fineness and weight, it is provided by law that the Judge of the District Court for the Eastern Division of Pennsylvania, the Comptroller of the Currency, the Chief Assayer of the Assay Office at New York, and such other persons as the President shall from time to time designate, shall meet as Assay Commissioners at the Mint in Philadelphia, to examine and test the coins received by the several mints for this purpose, on the second Wednesday in February, annually. The test of the coins is technically called "The Trial of the Pyx," and has just been made in Philadelphia.

The following gentlemen were designated by the President as commissioners: Robert E. Rogers, Professor of Chemistry, University of Pennsylvania; F. A. P. Barnard, President of Colum-

bia College, New York; William H. Chandler, Professor of Chemistry, Lehigh University, Pennsylvania; Professor S. R. McClintock, Pittsburgh; Professor W. P. Blake, New Haven, Conn.; Hon. Morton McMichael, of Philadelphia; Mr. John Sherman, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Mr. E. B. Elliott, Washington, D. C.; Professor J. E. Hilgard, Washington, D. C., and Dr. T. S. Bell, Louisville, Ky. On Wednesday morning, February 9th, 1876, the commissioners assembled at the Mint at the appointed hour.

The first business in order is to count the sample coins which the attendants have brought in bags from the pyx or sample-box. (Fig. 1.) In order that the test may extend to every coinage of the year, the law requires that at each delivery of coins at a mint a certain number of pieces of each denomination shall be taken out indiscriminately, carefully labeled and placed in a chest having two independent locks, one of the keys of which is kept by the Treasurer and the other by the Assayer. The samples of each mint are kept separately and at the end of the month they are tied up in a bag. There are therefore twelve of the bags for each mint for the year. All of the bags are sent to Philadelphia to be opened by the commissioners, who count the coins and submit them to careful scrutiny. As soon as a commissioner finishes counting the pile which is before him, he announces the result to the secretary, who records it.

The Assay Committee is then furnished with a sufficient number of gold and silver coins for its purpose, and a careful record is made of them. The Weighing Committee also takes from the gold and silver coins of each mint a certain number, not less than ten, which they weigh in bulk. (Fig. 2.) They also take any number of pieces, not less than five, and of different denominations, to be weighed singly. (Fig. 3.) Finally they weigh on a large balance the whole mass of gold and silver coins from each mint which remains after the pieces for assay have been removed.

The committee on assaying, with the coins to be tested, proceed to the furnace-room, and after examining the black-lead crucibles, to be sure that they are clean (Fig. 4), cause a portion of each parcel of gold to be melted into an ingot. In the case of silver, the sample for the assay of mass is not cut from the ingot, but taken by granulation in water previously to pouring the molten metal into the mold.

The gold is assayed by cupellation and quartation; the silver by precipitation. One-half a gramme of gold is weighed out upon a balance sensitive to the twenty-thousandth of a gramme, i. e., the ten-thousandth of the weight employed. (Fig. 5.) All the lesser weights are decimal subdivisions of this half-gramme. The weights used for this process are kept in a box with two independent locks, the key of one of which is in the possession of the Director of the Mint, and the other in that of the United States District Judge.

The samples from which the metal assay is taken are hammered, and subsequently laminated between two rollers (Fig. 6), to facilitate cutting off minute portions. Each lamina is stamped with a distinctive number.

Side by side with the coin assay a test assay is conducted, in which the metal used is pure gold, cut from a roll kept for the purpose in the box containing the weights. As the standard fineness of the United States is 900 parts of weight of pure gold to 100 of alloy, the test assay is made upon 900 one-thousandths of a half-gramme.

Silver is then weighed out for the quartation, from a roll of the pure metal, also kept in the box with the weights, and the several samples are wrapped, along with the silver, in pure lead-foil, and placed in the order of their numbers in cupels, and put into a muffle-furnace. (Fig. 7.) Here they remain until the base-metal is separated; they are then withdrawn from the muffle, hammered, annealed, and laminated between two rollers, and stamped with numbers. The thin laminae are next rolled into cornets, with the numbers visible on the end, and are deposited in a matras, and boiled for twenty minutes in nitric acid (Fig. 8); then washed in distilled water, heated to redness, and finally weighed again. In this way the fineness of the gold is determined.

The silver assays are made by weighing out 1.115 parts of the metal under trial, these parts being milligrammes, and 1.005 parts of pure silver, by way of comparison. All the weighed specimens are introduced into numbered bottles, when nitric acid is added and a gentle heat applied.

The solution being complete, precipitation is effected by introducing from a pipette, into each bottle (Fig. 9), one deciliter of a standard solution of pure table salt, so prepared as to contain in this measure 542.74 milligrammes of the salt—the quantity necessary to precipitate one thousand milligrammes, or one gramme of silver. The white curdy precipitate of chloride of silver is made to subside by violent shaking; for this purpose a mechanical agitator is employed (Fig. 10), put in motion by power derived from the shafting in the coining department, which expedient contributes greatly to economy of time. When the liquid is clear, a small pipette is used, graduated so that each division indicates a quantity of the reagent sufficient to throw down one milligramme of silver (Fig. 11), and the number of these parts which are required to complete the precipitation fully, exhibit the proportion of pure silver in one thousand parts of the metal under trial.

In every stage of the weighing and assaying careful memoranda are kept by the members of the commission, and the results are compared and studied previous to reading the report.

The Commission found everything relating to the Mint in Philadelphia, as well as in all the branch mints, entirely within the standard required by law and so reported to the President of the United States through the Secretary of the Treasury.

A Tax-payer at the Water Office.

A strong and steady wind had been blowing from the east for a couple of days, says the *Chicago Tribune*, and of course the water-pipes became stiffed. One householder employed a plumber, who removed the obstruction—a mud-pont five inches long. He wrapped it up in a handkerchief and walked down to the water office, and, unfolding the handkerchief, observed to the clerk, "What's that?" The clerk cast a glance at it, and, with a smile of contempt at the simplicity of the question, answered, "Why, you idiot, that's a fish." "I know it is," said the unhappy taxpayer; "I know it is, but where do you think I found it?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied the clerk with a yawn, "and I'm sure I don't care." "Well, I found it in my water-pipes." "You don't say you did?" replied the official, urbanely, and with a feeble show of interest; "must have been a pretty tight fit!" "But, sir," yelled the citizen, "it's a bull-punt! Is this what I pay my water rates for?" "Why, you fool," said the clerk, with a pitying smile, "you don't expect us to furnish you with goldfish or California salmon, do you?" Then he yawned, and the taxpayer withdrew, respectfully slamming the door.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Vive l'Impératrice des Indes!

CARL SCHURR is an expert performer on the piano.

FRANCIS B. BLAIR is now 85, and his wife 83, and both are still able to take horseback rides.

PETER COOPER has entered his eighty-sixth year, and still rivals Thurlow Weed in public letter-writing.

WENDELL PHILLIPS wants a man placed in the Presidential chair whose very name will make New Orleans tremble.

JAMES PARTON was husband to his mother-in-law, is now son-in-law to his deceased wife, and will possibly be father of his own grandchildren.

The oldest peer in Great Britain is the Earl of Leven and Melville, who is 90; the youngest is the Marquis of Camden, aged 4.

ANOTHER wife of the late Michigan millionaire, Captain E. B. Ward, has unearthed herself in Sandusky, and names as her figure \$260,000.

THE son of the late King Theodoros of Abyssinia has been educated so thoroughly in English, that he has forgotten his native language.

EX-MAYOR HORACE CLARK, of Middletown, Conn., who died the other day at the age of 82, learned the printing trade with Thurlow Weed.

IN point of years and date of commission, Caleb Cushing is now the oldest Cabinet Minister living. He is 76 years old, and was appointed United States Attorney-General in March, 1853.

VICAR-GENERAL QUINN, and Father Farrelly, Private Secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, officiated in St. Patrick's Church, Augusta, Ga., last week. They are making a tour of the South for their health.

THE Philadelphia branch of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America supports Mrs. Prun as missionary at Yokohama, and is looking for a medical lady to take the place of the late Miss Seelye, M.D., in India.

BECAUSE a newspaper reporter wrote that a Senator said to him, that "Should the press cease watching the Legislature it would steal the State blind in three weeks," the privileges of the floor have been denied him by the California Senate.

JENNY LIND is making her declining years green with benevolence. She has presented a handsome memorial window to a church near London, as a tribute to the late Dr. Wilberforce, and has given \$500 to aid a home for medical students in Milan, besides volunteering to sing for its further benefit.

THE Countess Mastai, a niece of the Pope, being about to wed, submitted to a dual ceremony at the solicitation of the Holy Father, and was married by civil process at Singaglia, and in the religious form at the Vatican. This is considered a recognition of the civil powers by the "imprisoned" Head of the Church.

THE members of the Pioneer Association of Cincinnati, headed by their President, Isaac MacFarland, paid their respects to Mrs. Robert Gillespie, one of the Society, on Monday evening, February 14th, the occasion being her eighty-eighth birthday. She was married September 29th, 1808, and became a widow in 1825.

THE Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Governor of Massachusetts, was entertained at a dinner given in his honor, on the evening of February 15th, at the residence of A. T. Stewart. About twenty distinguished and representative gentlemen were present, including, besides Governor Rice, Governor Tilden, Messrs. G. W. Childs, Cyrus W. Field, ex-Governor Morgan, Judge Hilton, William H. Vanderbilt, Mayor Wickham, Judge Daly, and others. The dinner was a splendid affair in every respect.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT have adopted a plan for draining the Zuyder Zee at an expense of nearly \$50,000,000. The area to be drained is estimated at 759 square miles.

A NEW HARD SOLDER.—The new hard solder of Dymit is composed as follows: Copper, 62.30; lead, 17.75; tin, 10.42; zinc, 9.20; and can be manufactured by taking the following proportions: 62 parts, by weight, copper; 18, lead; 10, tin; 10, zinc.

A NEW SALT OF LITHIUM.—The bisulphate of lithium can be prepared by dissolving the neutral sulphate in the concentrated sulphuric acid that is left after distilling off sulphur tri-oxide from Nordhausen acid. It forms deliquescent crystals, and will no doubt meet with important applications in medicine.

ADULTERATIONS OF VINEGAR.—Good table vinegar ought to contain three per cent. acetic acid, but scarcely has more than one to one and a half per cent. If sulphuric acid has been used to adulterate the vinegar, a lump of cut sugar will turn black. It may be necessary to concentrate the vinegar before this test can be applied.

NEW DETERMINATIONS OF THE SPECIFIC GRAVITIES OF PLATINUM AND IRIIDIUM.—Deville and Döbrey have recently subjected specimens of pure platinum and iridium, and their alloys, to more accurate determinations, and find that their specific gravities are greater than hitherto supposed. The following are the results: Specific gravity of platinum, 21.5; of iridium, 22.403; of alloy, 90 platinum and 10 iridium, 21.615; of alloy, 85 platinum and 15 iridium, 21.618; of alloy, 66.67 platinum and 33.33 iridium, 21.874; of alloy, 5 platinum and 95 iridium, 22.384.

THE LONDON ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY has ceased to exist, and the field is thus left open to the Anthropological Institute, the usefulness of which was often considerably interfered with by the confusion arising in consequence of similarity in name. Anthropologists have had to fight their way into recognition in England very much as geologists did a few years since. They are now able to organize a section at the meetings of the British Association, and have a society of their own. There is to be a Congress of Anthropologists during the Summer of 1876, at Pesth, Hungary.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS OR CHINA.—Dissolve 5 or 10 parts of gelatine in 100 parts of water, in the dark or by candlelight. For every 5 parts of gelatine employed in making the above solution, put in one part chromic acid, and mix in the dark. Paint the surfaces of glass or china with the prepared mixture, and expose to the action of sunlight. The chromated glue becomes by the action of light insoluble even in boiling water, and, being transparent, the mended places are invisible to the eye. Cloth and paper can be rendered impermeable to water by being painted over with the chromated gelatine and exposed to sunlight.

THE EQUILIBRIUM BETWEEN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.—A plant, from a chemical point of view, is an apparatus of reduction; an animal, on the other hand, is an apparatus of combustion. The plant, aided by the sunlight and the nourishment from the earth, decomposes the products of combustion suspended in the air, and appropriating the carbon, sets free the oxygen. The animal, by aid of the oxygen thus liberated, consumes the same combustibles that the plant also requires, and thus obtains the heat essential to its life. The plant is provided with external heat to carry on its reduction; the animal manufactures its heat within by the process of combustion. The plant and the animal supplement each other, and the one cannot get on without the other.



CARY OF HUNSDON.—AN EVENING ON THE BALCONY AT DUNGEONNESSE.—SEE PAGE 418.

THE LATE MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

MISS CUSHMAN, who died at Boston on the morning of February 18th, was of American birth, being born in Boston in 1816. It was the intention of

her parents to prepare her for the lyric stage, but at the outset her voice gave way. Undeterred by this misfortune, she determined to study the business of a tragedienne. Her first appearance in New York city was in September, 1835, when she assumed the



THE LATE CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

role of *Lady Macbeth*, Tom Hamblin playing the *King*. Two years later she made her bow as *Romeo* in the old National Theatre, her sister Adelaide playing *Juliet*. It was at this time that her acting began to attract general attention. She was favorably received as *Elvira* in "Pizarro," and the *Queen* in "Hamlet," and was engaged as leading lady in the old Park Theatre. While Forrest was giving his strong representations, Miss Cushman appeared in the principal female roles, to her great credit as an

artiste. From New York she went to Philadelphia, where, for a time, she managed the Walnut Street Theatre. In 1844 Mr. Macready came to this country, and Miss Cushman was induced to return to New York and support him. At the conclusion of the season she went to London, where she appeared, on February 13th, 1845, continuing her engagement for eighty-four nights. In 1850 she returned to New York, and played in Brongham's Lyceum, the Opera House on Astor Place, and the old



MASSACHUSETTS.—DESTRUCTION OF "THE OLD ELM TREE," ON BOSTON COMMON, BY THE GALE OF TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 415.

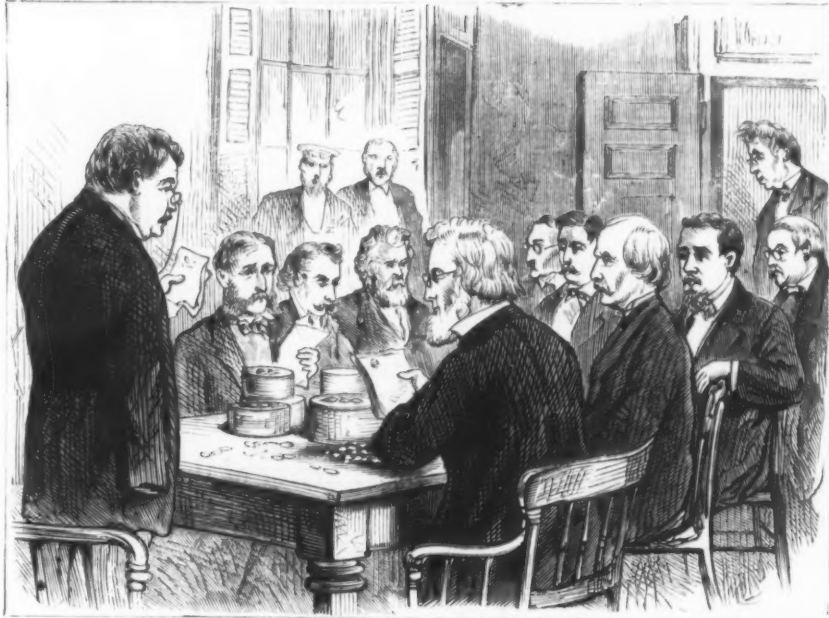


FIG. 1—COUNTING THE SAMPLES OF COIN.

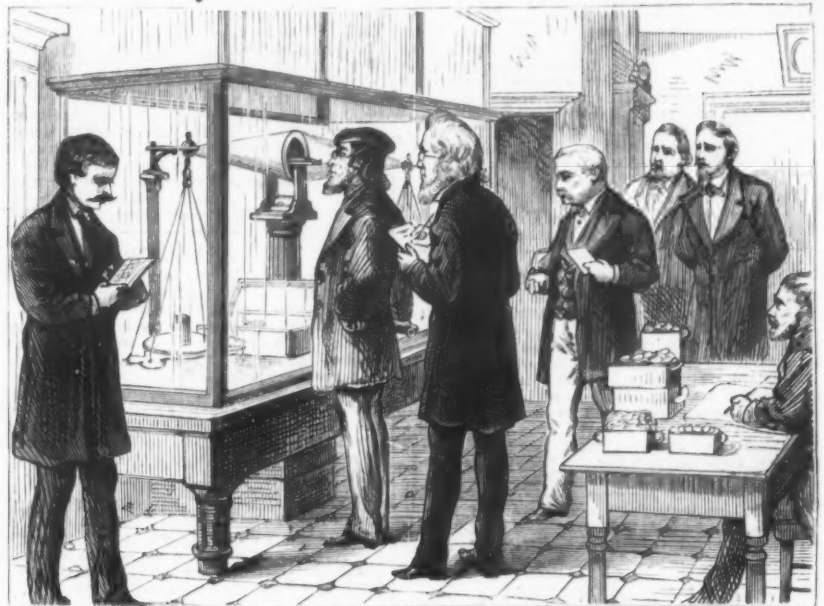


FIG. 2—WEIGHING THE SAMPLES OF COIN.



FIG. 3—WEIGHING THE SINGLE PIECES.



FIG. 5—WEIGHING THE CLIPPINGS PREVIOUS TO CUPELLING.



FIG. 8—DISSOLVING THE SILVER BY NITRIC ACID, AND THE ALLOY OF THE GOLD BY NITRIC ACID BATH.



FIG. 6—ROLLING OUT THE SAMPLES.

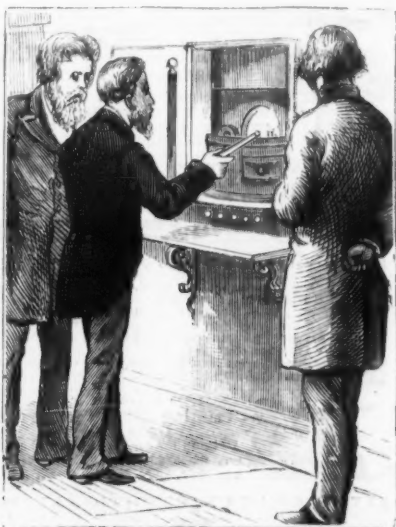


FIG. 7—CUPELLING THE GOLD TO SEPARATE IT FROM ITS ALLOY, ALL EXCEPT THE SILVER.

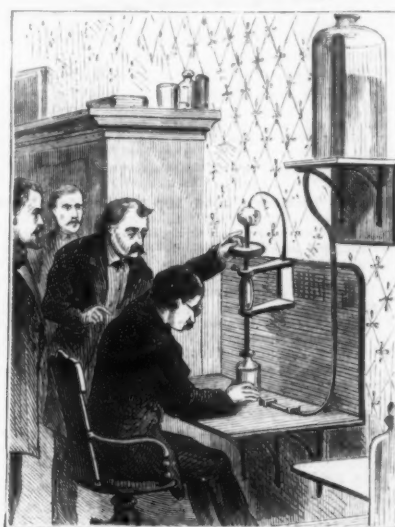


FIG. 9—PUTTING THE SALT WATER INTO THE SOLUTION OF THE COIN IN BOTTLES.

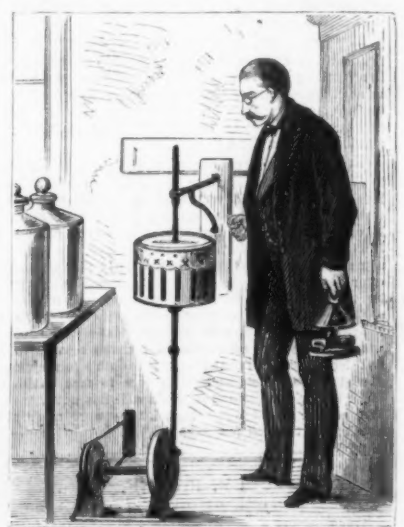


FIG. 10—MECHANICAL AGITATOR USED TO MAKE THE CHLORIDE OF SILVER SUBSIDE.

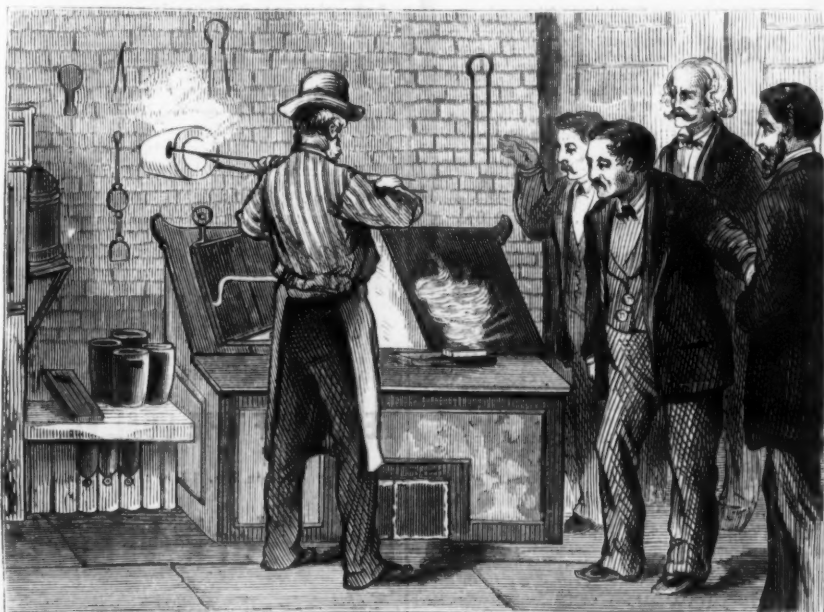


FIG. 4—SHOWING THAT THE BLACK-LEAD CRUCIBLE IS CLEAR.

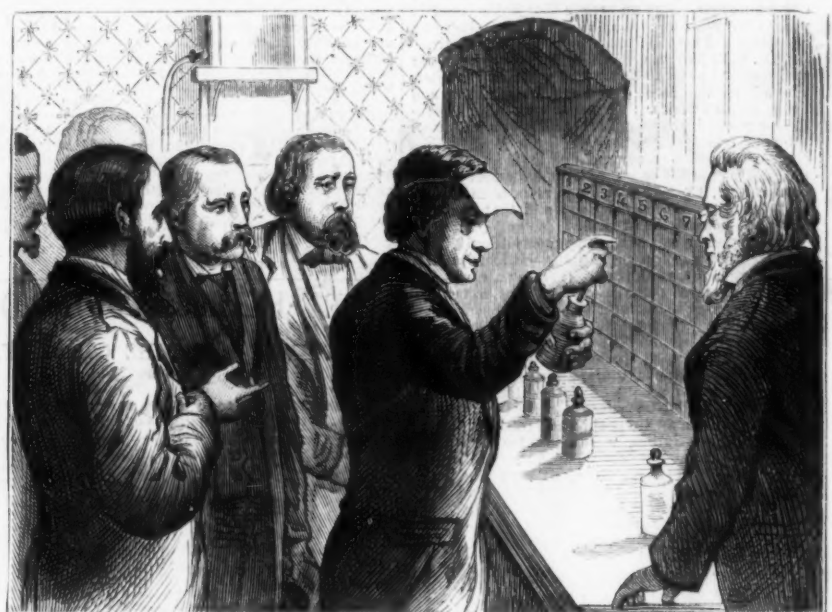


FIG. 11—THE LAST OPERATION, TO EXHIBIT THE PROPORTION OF PURE SILVER.

Broadway. Two years later she again went abroad. Again returning to New York, she in 1857 surprised her admirers at Burton's Theatre, where she appeared as *Bianca*. In 1860 she played during an engagement of forty-eight nights at the Winter Garden. In June, 1861, after having played for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, she bade farewell to America at New Haven, and started on a protracted tour of Europe. Quite recently she returned, and determined to make Newport, R. I., her residence for the remainder of her life. The old magnetism of the stage drew her from her self-imposed seclusion, and in the Fall of 1874 she began a series of farewell performances in Boston, whence she came to Booth's Theatre, New York, her last appearance being made on the 7th of December. To her, immeasurably above all other American actresses, belongs the well-deserved appellation of Tragic Queen.

After a most brilliant season—Booth's Theatre being filled every evening with the most cultivated people in the State—Saturday night and the close of her engagement came. A brilliant company was assembled in the theatre, and after the performance an address, written in her honor by R. H. Stoddard, was read, after which Mr. Bryant presented the great tragic actress with a laurel crown. Miss Cushman responded in words of grateful emotion, and was afterwards drawn to the Fifth Avenue Hotel by her admirers, who removed the horses from her carriage. The spectacle presented that night was a brilliant one—one long to be remembered. The streets thronged as at mid-day, with an enthusiastic cheering crowd, flaming torches, and brilliant lights—it was a most brilliant scene. After her farewell here, Miss Cushman made a tour among the principal cities of the Union.

FUN.

—“Cub, giddle Sprig, ethereal bildess, cub.”

—LOOK OUT for your umbrellas on the first of March, when Lent comes.

—A RETIRED schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

—A LADY living in Troy has a piece of soap supposed to be one hundred years old. It is astonishing how long some people can keep soap in the house.

—A YOUNG lady, following a Shakespearean play with the book, remarked to her companion, “How imperfect these actors are! None of them say ‘exit’ when they go off!”

—A CHEERING evidence that the rising youth of our land are not being neglected by their parents and instructors comes in the announcement that a Whip Company has just declared a dividend of ten per cent.

—“ANN,” observed a housekeeper to a hired girl the other morning, “as we have entered upon the dawn of another century of our nation's history, I guess you had better get a tooth-brush of your own.”

—GAS COMPANY PRESIDENT.—“Ah, we must accommodate ourselves to the times. Announce a reduction of ten cents a thousand feet in the price of gas—and add a couple of thousand feet on each gas-bill.”

—WHEN a man empties the pockets of his coat, preparatory to laying it by for repairs, there's nothing that makes his conscience get upon its hind-legs quicker than the sight of the letter his wife gave him to mail two months ago.

—TOO MATTER OF FACT.—Grandmother.—“You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Matilda Ann, to 'a sat without a tear when the good clergyman was a talking that beautiful, and every one else was weepin' no!” Matilda.—“Why, how could I cry when I hadn't got a pocket-handkercher?”

—“SEE here, conductor, why don't you have fire in this car?” “Well, you see, one of the directors is a clothing man, and another is a doctor, and another is a drug-store keeper, and another runs a tombstone-factory, and you know in this world people must live and let live.” So you see — “All right, sir; go ahead with your coffin.”

—A LADY who suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing Katy, the maid, resolved to detect him in the act. After watching for days she heard him come in one evening, and quickly pass through into the kitchen. Now Katy was out that evening, and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in her hand, and, hastily placing a shawl over her head, as Katy sometimes did, entered the kitchen by the back-door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithless spouse. Tearing herself from his foul embrace, she struck a match, and stood face to face with—the hired man! Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the first month they were married as she has for the past few days.

DR. PIERCE.

From the Toledo Blade.

“Success is never achieved without merit. A man may make a poor article and sell it once, and there being 40,000,000 people in the United States, the sale to each one would be sufficient to make a decent fortune. But an article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit.”

“Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., occupies our entire eighth page to-day with his various articles. We admit it, because we know the Doctor, and know of his articles. We know him to be a regularly educated physician, whose diploma hangs on the wall of his office, and we know that he has associated with him several of the most eminent practitioners in the country. We know that parties consult him, by mail and in person, from all the States in the Union every day, and that they are fairly and honestly dealt with.”

“This grand result has been accomplished by two agencies—good, reliable articles—articles which, once introduced, work easily their own way—and splendid business management. They have succeeded because they ought to have succeeded.”

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequalled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequalled liniment for both human and horseflesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and “Cold in the Head” ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists.

20 YEARS A SUFFERER—CURED BY THE GOLDEN MEDICAL REMEDY.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir: Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked

on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure kept a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. I was attended by doctors in Liverpool, Havre, New Orleans, New York, and at the hospital on Staten Island (where the doctors wanted to take one leg off). Finally, after spending hundreds of dollars, I was persuaded to try your “Golden Medical Discovery,” and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am at home nearly every evening, and shall be glad to satisfy any person of the truth of this information. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM RYDER,
87 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

Hot shot are about to be poured into the secret society which for the past few years has proved a terror to the law-abiding operatives in the coal mines, and the respectable residents of the mining centres. The story of “MOLLY MAGUIRE,” which will be begun in No. 17 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, we have been informed, will contain strange and startling developments concerning the midnight murderers banded together under the above title. The NEW YORK WEEKLY, containing this highly interesting production, will be ready on Monday, February 28th.—Monthly Reader.

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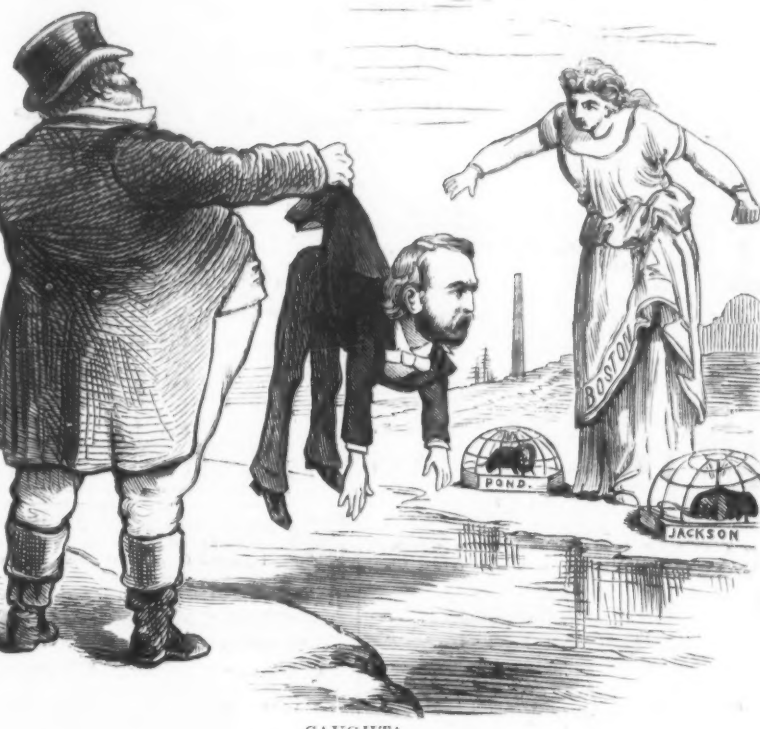


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